ARGALUS, AND PARTHENIA.

Written by *Fra. Quarles*.

The last Edition, Corrected, Amended, AND ILLUSTRATED with XXXII FIGURES Relating to the STORY.

LONDON,

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The Mind of the Frontiſpice.

Reader, behind this ſilken Front'ſpice lies
The Argument of our Book: which to your eyes
Our Muſe (for ſerious cauſes, and beſt known
Unto her ſelf) commands ſhould be unſhown:
And therefore, to that end ſhe hath thought fit
To draw this Curtain 'twixt your eye and it.

ARGALVS and PARTHENIA
The Argument of the History
By Fra:
Quarles

To the Right Honorable

HENRY Lord RICH

OF

KENSINGTON,

Earl of *Holland*, Captain of His MAIESTIS Guard, and Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, Chancellor of the University of *Cambridge*, Knight of the most Noble Order of the GARTER, one of His Majesties Most Honorable Privie Councell,

And Great Example

Of true Honor and Chivalry:

FRAN: QUARLES

Presents and Dedicates

His *Argalus* and *Parthenia*.

To the Reader.

Reader.

I Preſent thee here with a Hiſtory of Argalus and Parthenia, the fruits of broken hours. It was a Ciens taken out [illegible] Orchard of Sir Philip Sidney, [illegible] cious memory, whiih I have lately graffed upon a Crab-ſtock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many leaves, and promiſes pleaſing fruit, if malevolent eyes blaſt it not in the bud. This book differs from my former, as a Courtier, from a Churchman: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have preſidents for it: And let ſuch know, that I have taken but one Pla-day in ſixe: However, I ſhould bellrew that hand that binds them all together to make one Volume. In this diſcourſe, I have not affected to ſet thy underſtanding on the Rack, by the tyranny of ſtrong Lines, which (as they fabulouſly report of China diſhes) are made for the third generation to make uſe of, and are the neer itch of wit; under the colour of which, many have ventured (truſting to the Oedipean conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write non-ſence, and felloniouſly father the created expoſitions of other men; not unlike ſome Painters, who firſt make the picture, then, from the opinion of bette[illegible] dgments, conclude whom it reſembles. Theſe lines [illegible] ſtrong enough for my purpoſe: If not for [illegible] read them, and yet underſtandings may be magnified

magnified by their weakneſſe. Reader, thou ſhalt in the progreſſe of this Story, meet with a ſeeming Soloeciſm; which is this; Demagoras his ſo foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair Parthenia, is fully expreſt; and yet, the revenge thereof paſt over in ſilence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjuſtly. When Prometheus ſtole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial bodies, the ſeverer gods for puniſhment of ſo high a ſacrilege, ſtruck him not dead with a ſulden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be torn [illegible] with Vultures, continually gnawing on his Liver. [illegible] kind of torture had Ixion; ſo had Siſyphus; ſo had Tantalus: Did then Demagoras fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and ſhould his puniſhment be leſſe? Had my pen delivered him dead in your hands, what could you have had more? His accurſed memory had ſoon rotted with his baſer name, and there had been an end of him: In which reſpect, I have ſuffered him to live, that he may ſtand like a Jack a Lent, or a Shroving Cock, for every one to ſpend a Cudgil at, to the worlds end. Ladies, (for in your ſilken laps I know this Book will chuſe to lie, which being far-fetched, if the Stationer be wiſe, will be moſt fit for you) my ſuit is, That you would be pleaſed to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainment: She hath croſt the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whoſe gentle hands I recommend her, and kiſſe them.

Dublin, this 4. of March, 1621.

FR: QVARLES.

Argalus

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

The First Book.

WIthin the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
Whose grateful bounty hath inricht the hand
Of many a Shepheard Swain, whose rurall Art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternall *Trophies* of a Pastorall name:
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antique dayes,
Was wont to warble out her well tun'd layes
To all the world; and, with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed:
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
As his, whose lowder *Ænead* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings:
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent,
Can serve but as a needlesse complement,
To gild perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bountreous Art, and Nature makes her own.

Her mother was a Lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honor, than diseases; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but lib'rall of her ear;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes:
Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her *beads*,
Wisely suspicious; but what need we other
Then this? She was the fair *Parthenia's* Mother;
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose heavenly eye
Sits Maiden mildnesse, mixt with Majesty,
Whose secret power hath a double skill;
By frowns or smiles to make alive, or kill;
Her cheeks are like to banks of fairest flowers,
Inricht with sweetnesse from the twilight showers,
Whereon those jars which were so often bred,
Composed were, betwixt the white and red:
Her hair rought down beneath her Ivory knees,
As if that Nature to so rare a piece
Had meant a shaddow: labouring to show
And boast the utmost, that her hand could do:
Like smallest flax appear'd her Nymph-like hair,
But onely flaxe was not so small, so fair:
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
In stead of teeth, that orient *Pearls* had bin:
The whiteness of her dainty neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-faln *Snow*;
Her Swan-like brests were like two little *Spheares*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberall Arts would turn *Astronomy*:

Her

Her slender waist, her lilly hands, her arms
I dare not seq to view; because all charms
Forbidden are to my bashfull *Muse* descends
No lower step: Here her *Commission* ends,
And by another vertue doth enjoyne
My pen to treat perfection more divine.
The chast *Diana*, and her Virgin crew
Was but a *Type* of one that should ensue
In after ages, which we finde expresst,
And here fulfill'd in chast *Parthenia*'s brest;
True vertue was the object of her will,
She could no ill, because she knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not lavish,
Yet free, but wisely weigh'd; more apt to ravish,
Then to entice; less beautified with Art,
Then naturall sweetness: in her gentle heart
Judgement transcended; from her milder brest
Passion was not exiled, but represt:
Her voice excel'd, nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice,
To take her for some smooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or else some glorious *Angel*, that had been
A treble sharer in th'eternall joyes,
Such was her voice, such was her heavenly voice:
Merry, yet modest; witty, and yet wise;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not rash; Courteous, and yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man.
In brief, who would relate her praises well,
Must first bethink himself, what 'tis t'excell.
When these perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame

Grew great with honor, ſpreads her haſty wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,
And with her full-mouth'd blaſt ſhe doth proclame
Th'unmated glory of *Parthenia*'s name:
Who now but fair *Parthenia*? what report
Can finde admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
But fair *Parthenia*'s? Every ſolemn feaſt
Muſt now be ſweetned, honor'd, and poſſeſt
With high diſcourſes of *Parthenias* glory,
And every mouth muſt breath *Parthenia*'s ſtory.
The Poet ſummons now his amorous quill,
And ſcornes aſſiſtance from the Sacred Hill:
The ſweet-lipt Orator takes in hand to raiſe
His prouder ſtile, to ſpeak *Parthenia*'s praiſe.
The curious Painter wiſely doth diſplace
Faire *Venus*, ſets *Parthenia* in her place.
The pleader burnes his Books, diſdaines the Law,
And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r ſaw.
Healths to the fair *Parthenia* flie about
At every board, whilſt others, more devout,
Builds Idols to her, and adore the ſame,
And Parrets learn to prate *Partheniaes* name:
Some truſt to fame, ſome ſecretly diſprize
Her worth; ſome emulates, and ſome envies;
Some doubt, ſome fear leſt raviſh Fame belie her,
And all that dare beleeve report, admire.
Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord: Of proud command,
Lord of much people, youthfull and of fame,
More great then good; *Demagoras* his name:
Of ſtature tall, his body ſpare and meager,
Thick ſhouldred, hollow cheek'd, and viſage eager,

His gaſhfull countenance ſwarthy, long and thin,
And downe each ſide of his reverted chin
A lock of black neglected hair (befriended
With warts too ugly to be ſeen) deſcended;
His rowling eyes were deeply ſunk, and hiew'd
Like fire: 'Tis ſaid, they bliſter'd where they view'd.
Upon his ſhoulders from his fruitfull crown,
A rugged crop of *Elf-locks* dangled down:
His hide all hairy; gariſh his attire,
And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire;
Perverſe to all; extenuating what
Another did, becauſe he did it not:
Maligning all mens actions but his own,
Not loving any, and belov'd of none:
Revengefull, envious, deſperately ſtout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the Monopoly, to fulfill
All vices; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Parthenia's* face. As from above,
Firebals of lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,
Confound th'unarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leave him ruin'd in the place: Even ſo
The peereleſſe beauty of *Parthenia's* eyes,
At the firſt ſight did conquer and ſurprize
The laviſh thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of ſtrength to hide, or to diſcover
The tyrannous ſcorching of his ſecret fires,
Prompted by paſſion, with himſelfe conſpires:

Accurs'd Demagoras! *Into what a Fever*
Hath one look ſtruck thy ſoule? O never, never
To be recur'd! If I had done amiſs,
Hath Heaven no eaſier plagues in ſtore but this?

Pro-

Prometheus pains are not so sharp as these,
Our sins yet labour'd both of one disease;
Our faults are equall: Both stole fire from Heaven,
Our fault alike, why are our plagues uneven?
Be just, O make not such unequall ods
Of equall sins: Be just, or else no gods:
Why send ye down such Angels to the earth,
To mock poore mortals? or of mortall birth
If such a Heaven-like Paragon may be,
Why do ye not wound her as well as me?
But why do I implore your aids in vain,
That are the highest Agents in my pain?
Poore wretch! What hope of help can ye assure me,
When onely she, that made the wound, can cure me?
Divine Parthenia, Earths unvalued Jewel;
Would thou hadst been less glorious, or less cruell:
When first thine eyes did to these eyes appeare,
I read the history of my ruine there,
My necessary ruine: Heaven, nor Hell
Can salve my sores, by helpe of Prayer or Spell;
Gods are unjust, and if with charmes, I haunt her,
Her eyes are counter-charmes, t'inchant th'inchanter;
Why do I thus exulcerate my disease?
By adding torments, hope I to find ease?
Is not her cruelty enough, alone,
But must I bring fresh torments of mine own?
Cheare up Demagoras: 'Tis a wise mans part
Not to lose all if his unpractis'd art
Serves not to gain: A Gamster may not chuse
His chance: It is some conquest not to loose:
Look to thy selfe: Let no injurious blast
Of cold despaire chill thy green wounds too fast

For

For time to cure: O, hope for no remission
Of pain, till Cupid *send thee a* Physition.
She is a woman; if a woman, then
My title's good: Women were made for men.
She is a woman, though her heavenly brow
Write Angell, *and may stoop, and though not now;*
Women, by looks, will not be understood
Vntill their hearts advise with flesh and blood.
She is a woman, There's no reason why,
But she (perchance) may burne as well as I.
Move then, Demagoras, *let* Parthenia *know*
The strength of her own beauty, in thy woe:
Feare not; what thou ador'st, begin to move,
Chris-crosse fore-runs the Alphabet *of love:*
Tis halfe perfected, what is once begun;
She is a woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,
And sworn allegiance to the peacefull Plow,
Prest out for service in the Martiall camp,
At first (unentred) finds a liveleſſe damp,
Beleagring every joynt, as often swounds;
As here he viewes his sword, or thinks of wounds;
At length (not finding any meanes for flying,
Switcht and spurd on with desp'rate feare of dying)
He hewes, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
And freshly deals about his frantick blowes;
Even so *Demagoras*, whose unbred fashion
Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,
Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupids* field,
Trembles, and secretly resolves to yield
The day without a parly, till at length,
Fiercely transported by th'untutor'd strength

Of

Of his owne paſsion, he himſelfe aſſures,
That deſp'rate torments muſt have deſp'rate cures;
And thus to the divine *Parthenia's* eares
Applies his ſpeech, devoid of doubts and feares.

(1) *Faireſt of creatures, if my ruder tongue,*
To right it ſelfe, ſhould doe your patience wrong,
And lawleſs paſſion makes it too too free,
O blame your heavenly beauty and not me;
It was thoſe eyes, thoſe precious eyes that firſt
Enforc'd my tongue to ſpeake, or heart to burſt:
From thoſe deare eyes I firſt receiv'd that wound,
Which ſeek for cure, and cannot be made ſound
But by the hand that ſtruck: To you alone
I ſue for help, that elſe muſt hope for none:
Then crown my joyes, thou Antidote *of deſpaire,*
And be as mercifull as thou art fair;
Nature, (the bounty of whoſe liberall hand
Made thee the Jewell of the Arcadian *Land)*
Intended in ſo rare a prize, to boaſt
Her maſter-piece: His Iewells are but loſt;
Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,
But honor her, as ſhe hath honour'd you.
Let not the beſt of all her works lie dead
In the nice Casket *of a Maidenhead:*
What ſhe would have reveal'd, O doe not ſmother,
Th'art made in vaine, unleſs thou make another:
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt want a heart, ile give thee mine,

As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,
As thou with vertue, or thine eyes with beauty,
Why dost thou frowne? Why does that heavenly brow
Not made for wrinckles, shew a wrinckle now?
Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,
O lend me but the twilight of a smile:
Give me one amorous glance; why stand'st thou mute?
Disclose those ruby lips, and grant my suite:
Speak (love,) or if thy doubtfull minde be bent
To silence, let that silence be consent:
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
My words may seem t'implead my own desert;
Disdaine me not, although my thoughts descend
Below themselves, to enjoy so faire a friend.
I, that have oft with teares been sought to, sue;
And Queens have been his servants, that serves you:
The beauties of all Greece have been at strife
To win the name of great Demagoras wife,
And been despis'd, not worthy to obtaine
So high an honour; what they sought (in vaine)
I heare present thee with, as thine owne due,
It being an honour fit for none but you:
Speake then (my love) and let my lips make known
That I am either thine, or not mine own.

Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora*'s eye
Sends forth her early beames, and by and by
Withdrawes the glory of her face, and shrowds
Her cheeks behind a ruddy maske of clouds,
Which, who beleeve in *Erra Pater* say,
Presages wind, and blustry stormes that day.
Such were *Parthenia*'s looks; in whose faire face
Roses and Lillies, late had equall place,

But

But now, 'twixt Maiden baſhfulneſſe, and ſpleen,
Roſes appear'd, and Lillies were not ſeen:
She paus'd a while, till at the laſt, ſhe breaks
Her long kept angry ſilence, thus, and ſpeaks.

My Lord,
Had your ſtrong Oratory but the Art,
To make me conſcious of ſo great deſert,
As you perſwade, I ſhould be bound in duty
To praiſe your Rhet'rick as you praiſe my beauty;
Or if the frail y of my judgement could
Flatter my thoughts ſo groſly, as to hold
Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as fooliſh, as you terme me faire.
If you vie Courtſhip, Fortune knowes that I
Have not ſo ſtrong a game, to ſee the vie:
Alas, my skill durſt never undertake
To play the game, where hearts be ſet at ſtake;
Need's muſt the loſſe be great, when ſuch have bin
Seldome obſerv'd to ſave themſelves, that win:
You crave my heart, my Lord, you crave withall,
Too great a miſchiefe: My poore heart's too ſmall
To fill the concave of ſo great a breſt,
Whoſe thoughts can ſcorne the amorous requeſt
Of love-ſick Queens, and can requite the vain,
And factious ſuits of Ladies with diſdaine:
Stoop not ſo low beneath your Selfe (great Lord)
To love Parthenia: *Shall ſo poore a word*
Stain your faire lips, whoſe merits doe proclame
A more tranſcendent fortune, then that name
Can give? Call down Joves *winged Purſivant,*
And give his tongue the power to enchant

Some eaſie Goddeſs, in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting ſo ſublime, ſo great
A mind as yours, and fill the fruitfull earth
With Hero's, *ſprung from ſo divine a birth:*
Parthenia's *heart could never yet aſpire*
So high: Her home-bred thoughts durſt ne're deſire
So fond an honor, matcht with ſo great pride,
To hope for that, which Queenes have been deni'd.
Be wiſe, my Lord; vouchſafe not to repeat
S'unfit a ſuit: Be wiſe as you are great:
Advance your noble Thoughts; hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on ſo fleet a ſhore,
That to the wiſer world, it may be known,
The leſs y'are mine, the more ye are your own.

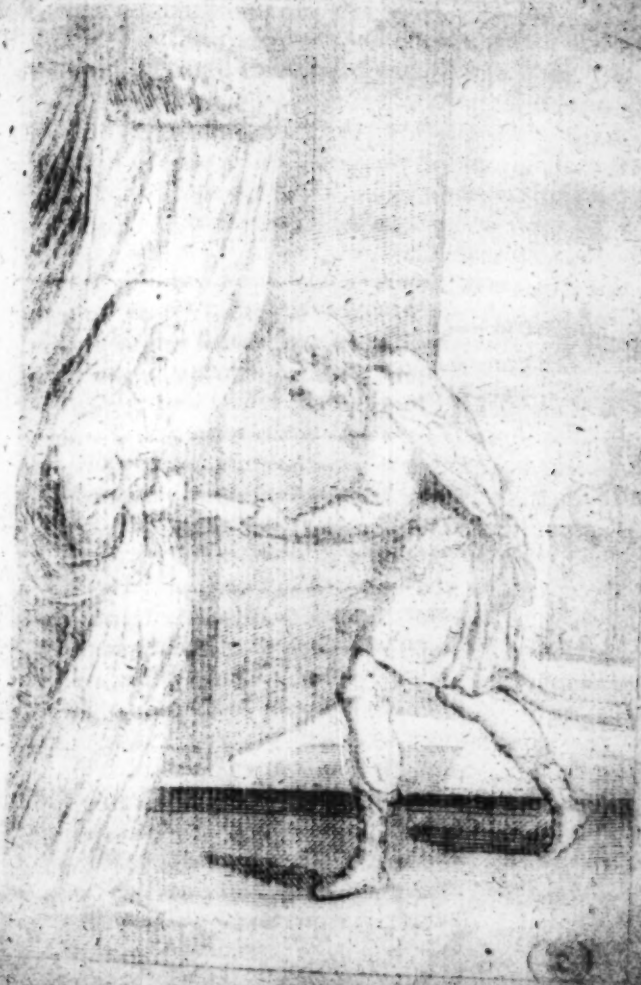
Like as a guilty priſoner, upon whom
Offended Juſtice lately paſt her doom,
Stands trembling by, and hopeleſſe to prevail,
Bauls not for mercy; but to the loath'd *Iail*
Drags his ſad Irons, and from thence commends
A haſty ſuit to his ſelected friends,
That by the vertue of a quick *Reprieve*,
The wretch might have ſome few days more to live.
Even ſo *Demagoras*, whoſe rewounded heart
Had newly felt the unexpected ſmart
And ſecret burthen of a deſperate doom,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room;
And in his diſcontented minde, revolves
Ten thouſand thoughts; and, at the laſt, reſolves
What courſe to run, relying on no other
But the aſsiſtance of *Parthenia's* mother.
Forthwith his fierce miſguided paſsion drove
His wandring ſteps to the next neighbouring grove;

A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd, upon his lips did ſtand
A milke-white froth; his eyes like flames; ſometimes
He curſes Heaven; himſelfe; and then the times;
Railes at the proud *Parthenia*; raves; deſpairs;
And from his head rends off his tangled hairs;
Curſes the womb that bare him; bands the Fates,
And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates:
Why dyeſt thou not, Demagoras, *when as death*
Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath
Of diſcontents and paſsion ſend relief
To thy diſtraction, or aſſwage thy grief?
Why mou'ſt not thou the gods? or, rather, why
Do'ſt not contemn, and ſcorn their power, and die?
But ſtay! Of whom doſt thou complain? A woman.
To whom (fond man) doſt thou complain? A woman.
And ſhall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee?
Or ſhall a womans wanton ſmile relieve thee?
Fie, fie, Demagoras, *ſhall a womans eye*
Prevaile, to make the ſtout Demagoras *die,*
And leave to after times an entred name
Ith' Calender of fools? Rouze up for ſhame
Thy waſted ſpirits: whet thy ſpleen, and live
To be reveng'd: She, ſhe that would not give
Admittance to thy profer'd love, muſt drink
The potion of thy hate: ſtir then the ſink
Of all thy paſsion; where thou canſt not gain
By fairer language, Tarquin-*like conſtraine.*
But hold thy hand, Demagoras, *and adviſe;*
Art gives advantage oft where force denies:
Suſpend thy fury: Make Parthenias *mother*
The meanes: One Adamant will cut another:

Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratory;
Affect her tender heart with the ſad ſtory
Of thy dear love: Extol Parthenia's *beauty:*
But moſt of all, urge that deſerved duty
Thou ow'ſt her vertue, and make that the ground
Of thy firſt love; that gave thy heart the wound:
Mingle thy words with ſighes and in it meet,
If thou canſt force a teare, to let her ſee't,
Againſt thy will. Let thy falſe tongue forbear
No vows, and though thou beeſt forſworn, yet ſwear:
If ere thy barren lips ſhall chance to pauſe,
For want of words; Parthenia *is the cauſe,*
Who hath benumb'd thy heart; if ere they go
Beyond their liſts, Parthenia *made them ſo:*
Withall, be ſure, when ere thou ſhalt advance
The daughters vertues, let the glory glance
Vpon the prudent mother: Women care not
To heare too much of vertue if they ſhare not.
When thus thou haſt prepar'd her melting ear
To ſoft attention, cloſely, in the rear
Of thy diſcourſe, prefer thy ſad petition
That ſhe would pleaſe to favour the condition
Of a diſtreſsed lover, and afford
In thy behalfe, a mothers timely word;
So ſhalt thou wrack thy vengeance by a wile,
And make the mother bawd to her own child.

He pauſed not; but like a raſh projector
(Whoſe frantick paſsion was ſupreme director)
Fixt his firſt thoughts, impatient of the ſecond,
Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd
All time but loſt, which he beſtowed not
On the execution of his hopefull plot:

Forth-



(2)

Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
Towards the Summer Pallace, where reſided
The fair *Parthenia's* mother, boldly enters,
And after mutuall complement adventers
To breake the Ice of his diſſembled grief:
Thus he complaines, and thus he begs relief:

(2) *Madam,*
The hopefull thriving of my ſuit depends
Vpon your goodneſs, and it recommends
It ſelfe unto your favour, from whoſe hand
It muſt have ſentence, or to fall, or ſtand:
Thrice three times hath the Soveraign of the night,
Repair'd her empty hornes with borrowed light,
Since theſe ſad eyes, theſe beauty-blaſted eyes
Were ſtricken by a light that did ariſe
From your bleſt wombe, whoſe unaſswaged ſmart
Hath pierc'd my ſoule, and wounded my poore heart;
It is the faire Parthenia, *whoſe divine*
And glorious vertue led thoſe eyes of mine
To their own ruine; Like a wanton flie,
I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
Till I have burn'd my wings: O, if to love
Be held a ſin; the guilty gods above
(Being fellow ſinners with us, and commit
Theſe ſelfe ſame crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
O thrice divine Parthenia, *that haſt got*
A ſacred priviledge which the gods have not,
If thou haſt doom'd that I ſhall be bereaven
Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven;

And

And welcome death that with one happy blow
Gives me more ease, then life could ever doe.
Madam, to whom should my sad words appeal
But you? Alas, to whom should I reveal
My dying thoughts but unto you, that gave
Being to her, that hath the power to save
My wasted life; the language of a mother
Moves more then teares, that trickle from another.
With that a well dissembled drop did slide
From his false eyes. The Lady thus repli'd;

My honorable Lord,
If my untimely answer hath prevented
Some farther words your passion would have vented,
Pardon my haste, which in a ruder fashion
Sought onely to divide you, from your passion:
The love you beare Parthenia *must claime*
The priviledge of mine ear, and in her name,
(Though from an absent mind, and yet unknown)
Returne I thankes, with interest of my own.
The little judgement, that the gods have lent
Her downy yeeres (though in a small extent)
Does challenge the whole freedome of her choice,
In the resignement of a mothers voyce:
The sprightly fancies of a Virgins minde
Enter themselves, and hate to be confinde;
The hidden embers of a lovers fire
Desire no bellowes, but their owne desire;
And like a Dedalus *his forge, if blown,*
Burnes him and dies; blazes, if let alone:
Loves affect without advisement, that
Which being most perswaded to, they hate.

My

My Lord, adjourn your paſsion, and refer
The fortune of your ſuit to time, and her
Like to a Pinace is a lovers minde,
The Sail his fancy is; a ſtorme of winde
His uncontrouled paſsion; the Stear's
His Reaſon; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears:
Your ſtorme being great, like a wiſe Pilot leare
But little Sail, and ſtoutly ply the Stear:
Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me
My Lord, too haſty gameſters overſee.
Go, move Parthenia; *and* Juno's *bleſsing*
Attend your hopefull ſuite, in the ſuppreſſing
Loves common evils; and if her warme deſire
Show but a ſparke, leave me to blow the fire.
Go, loſe no time: Lovers muſt be laborious;
My Lord, go proſperous and returne victorious.

With that, *Demageras* (proſtrate on the ground,
As if his ears had heard that bleſſed ſound,
Wherewith the *Delphian* Oracle acquites
The accepted ſacrifice) performes the rites
Of quicke devotion, to that heavenly voyce,
Which fed his ſoule with the malignant joyes
Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he ſtarts,
Bleſſes the tongue that bleſt him, and departs.

By this time, had the Heaven-ſurrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting (heads
Into the lower Hemiſphere, to cool
Their flaming Noſtrils in the Weſtern Pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious Aire
Had bid the Lady of the Palace ſhare
In her refined pleaſures, and invited
Her gentle ſteps, fully to be delighted

In those sweet walks, where *Flora*'s liberall hand
Had given more freely, then to all the Land,
There walked she; and in her various minde,
Projects and casts about which way to finde
The progresse of the young *Parthenia*'s heart;
Likes this way: then a second thought does thwart
The first; likes that way; then a third the second;
One while she likes the match, and then she reckn'd
Demagoras vertues: now her feare intices
Her thoughts to alter; then she counts his vices:
Sometimes she calls his vows and oathes to minde;
Another while, thinks oathes and words but winde.
She likes, dislikes; her doubtfull thoughts do vary;
Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary:
One while she feares that his malign aspect
Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the golden cover of all faults:
And from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
Her fears; creates a world of wealth; and rests.
With that, she straight unfixt her fastned eyes
From off the ground; and looking up, espies
The faire *Parthenia*, in a lonely bowre,
Spending the treasure of an evening hour:
There sate she, reading the sweet sad discourses
Of *Charicle*'s love; the entercourses
Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feele the selfe-same joy, the selfe-same smart:
She read, she wept; and, as she wept, she smil'd,
As if her equall eyes had reconcil'd
Th'extrems of joy and grief: she clos'd the Book,
Then open'd it, and with a milder look,

She

She pities lovers; muſing then a while,
She teaches ſmiles to weep; and tears to ſmile:
At length, her broken thoughts ſhe thus diſcovers.
Vnconſtant ſtate of poore diſtreſſed lovers!
Is all extreame in love? No meane at all?
No draughts indifferent? Either hony or gall?
Hath Cupids *univerſe no temp'rate Zone,*
Either a torrid, or a frozen one?
Alas, alas, poor lovers! As ſhe ſpake
Thoſe words, from her diſcloſed lips there brake
A gentle ſigh; and after that another:
With that, ſteps in her unexpected mother.
Have ye beheld, when *Titans* luſtfull head
Hath newly div'd into the Sea-greene bed
Of *Thetis*, how the baſhfull Horizon
(Enforc'd to ſee what ſhould be ſeen by none)
Looks red for ſhame; and bluſhes to diſcover
Th' inceſtuous pleaſures of the Heaven-born lover?
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the ſuddain eye
Of her unwelcome mother did deſcry
Her ſecret paſſion: The mothers ſmile
Brought forth the daughters bluſh; and level coyl
They ſmil'd and bluſht; one ſmile begat another,
The daughter bluſht, becauſe the jealous mother
Smil'd on her; and the ſilent mother ſmil'd,
To ſee the conſcious bluſhing of her child:
At length, grown great with words, ſhe did awake
Her forced ſilence, and ſhe thus beſpake;
Bluſh not, my faireſt daughter: Tis no ſhame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the breſt:
'Tis charity to ſuccour the diſtreſt

The disposition of a generous heart
Makes every griefe her own; at least, bears part.
What Marble, ah what Adamantine ear
Ere heard the flames of Troy, *without a tear?*
Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,
(Whose desperate fewellis his own desire).
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joyntenant in his secret smart.
Why dost thon blush? why did those pearly tears
Slide downe? Fear not: This arbour hath no ears:
Here's none but we; speake then: It is no shame
To shed a tear; thy mother did the same:
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart?
Speake, in the name of Hymen *I conjure thee:*
If so, I have a Balsam shall recure thee;
I fear, I fear the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath lately left some indigested word
In thy cold stomacke; which, for want of art,
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart:
If that be all, revealing brings reliefe;
Silence in love but multiplyes a grief;
Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be indur'd,
Which being but disclos'd, is eas'ly cur'd:
Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, *and would'st smother*
Thy close affection from thy angry mother,
And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen;
I did the like, or thou hadst never been:
Stoln goods are sweetest. If it be thy minde
To love in secret, I will be as blind
As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare
Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire

The ſweet fruition of thy choice deſire:
Thou lov'ſt Demagoras: *If thy lips deny,*
Thy conſcious heart muſt give thy lips the lye:
And if thy liking countermand my will,
Thy puniſhment ſhall be to love him ſtill:
Then love him ſtill, and let his hope inherit
The crown belonging to ſo fair a merit;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To ſpeake, at leaſt, an age above his years:
The blood of his increaſing honor ſprings
From the high ſtocke of the Arcadian *Kings:*
The gods have bleſt him with a liberall hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the land:
Honor and wealth attend his gates, and what
Can he command that he poſſeſſes not?
All which, and more, (if mothers can divine)
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine?
He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes
Have tooke him priſoner; he ſubmits, and lies
At thy dear mercy hoping ne'r to be
Ranſom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy ſelfe, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,
Accept at firſt: It is a fooliſh minde
To be too coy: Occaſion's *bald behinde.*
Tis not the common worke of every day
T' afford ſuch offers; take them while you may,
Times alter: Youth and beauty are but blaſts,
Vſe then thy time, whilſt youth and beauty laſts:
For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
Of a ſtale maid, but offer to incroach
Vpon opinion, th' art in eſtimation,
Like garments kept till they be out of faſhion: Thy

Thy worth, thy wit, thy vertues all must ſtand
Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at ſecond hand;
Reſolve thee then, t'enlarge thy Virgin life
With th' honorable freedome of a wife:
And let the fruits of that bleſt marriage be
A living pledge betwixt my child and me.
So ſaid; the fair *Parthenia* (in whoſe heart
Her ſtrong affections yet had got the ſtart
Of her obedience makes a ſuddain pauſe,
Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding laws
Of filiall duty to her beſt affection,
Sometimes ſubmits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her mothers: Thus divided
In her diſtracted fancy, ſometimes guided
By one deſire, and ſometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive mother:
Madam,
Think not Parthenia, *under a pretence*
Of ſilence, ſtudies diſobedience:
Or by the crafty ſlowneſs of reply,
Borrows a quicke advantage to deny:
It lyes not in your power, to command
Beyond my will; unto your tender hand
I here ſurrender up that little All
You gave me, freely to diſpoſe withall:
The gods forbid, Parthenia *ſhould reſiſt*
What you command, command you what you liſt:
But pardon me, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath made aſſault, but never yet could board
This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed
But my miſconſtrued ſtreams did ne'r proceed
From Cupids *ſpring: This blubber'd book makes known*

whoſe

Whose griefes I wept; I wept not for mine own;
My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
The least degree, towards the proud desire
Of so great honor, to be call'd his wife
For whom ambitious Queenes have been at strife;
He su'd for love, and strongly did importune
My heart, more pleased with a meaner fortune;
My breast was marble, and my heart forgot
All pity; for indeed, I lov'd him not:
But Madam; you, to whose more wise directions
I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
You have commanded, and your will shal be
The square of my uneven desires, and me;
Ile practise duty, and my deed shall show it;
Ile practise love, though Cupid *never know it.*

When great *Basilius* (he whose princely hand
Nourisht long peace in the *Arcadian* land)
With triumph, brought to his renowned Court
His new espoused Queene, was great resort
Of forain States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that unbeleev'd report hath told
Of fair *Gynecia*'s worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlicke furniture, and well addrest,
With solemn Jousts to glorifie the feast
Of marriage royall, lately past betweene
Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queene,
The fair *Gynecia*, in whose face and brest,
Nature, and curious art had done their best,
To sum that rare perfection, which (in briefe)
Transcends the power of a strong beliefe;
Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame

Receiv'd more honor from her honor'd name,
Then if he had, with his victorious hand,
Unſceptred halfe the Princes in the land:
To tell the glory of this Royall Feaſt,
The Bridegrooms ſtate, and how the Bride was dreſt;
The princely ſervice, and the rare delights;
The ſeveral names and worth, of Lords and Knights;
The quaint *Impreſa*'s their deviſeful ſhows;
Their Martial ſports, their oft redoubled blows;
The courage of this Lord, or that proud horſe;
Who ran, who got the better, who, the worſe,
Is not my taske, nor lies it in my way,
To make relation of it: Heraulds may:
Yet fame and honor have ſelected one
From that illuſtrious crue; and him alone
Have recommended to my carefull quill,
Forbidding that his honor ſhould lye ſtill
Among the reſt, whom fortune and his ſpirit,
That day, had crowned with a victor merit:
His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born:
And (if what is not ours, may adorne
Our proper fortunes) his blood royall ſprings
From th' ancient ſtock of the great *Cyprian* Kings:
His outſide had enough to ſatisfie
The expectation of a curious eye:
Nature was too too prodigall of her beauty,
To make him halfe ſo fair, whom fame and duty
He ought to honour, call'd ſo often forth
T'approve the excellence of his manly worth:
His mind was richly furniſht with the treaſure
Of morall knowledge, in ſo liberal meaſure,
Not to be proud: So valiant and ſo ſtrong

Of

Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:
Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
Faſt to his old friends, and unapt for new:
Lord of his word, and maſter of his paſſion,
Serious in buſineſſe, choice in recreation:
Not too miſtruſtfull, and yet wiſely wary;
Hard to reſolve, and then as hard to vary:
And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
So rare a body with ſo rare a minde.

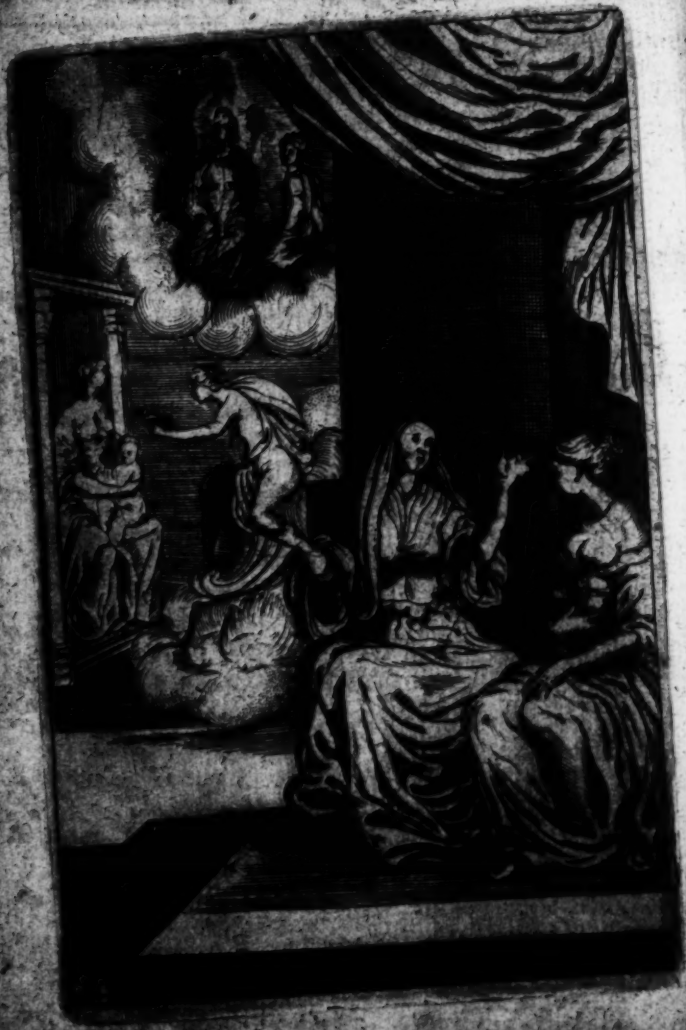
(3) Thrice had the bright ſurveyor of the heaven
Divided out the dayes and nights by even
And equall hewers, ſince this child of fame
(Invited by the glory of her name,)
Firſt view'd *Parthenia's* face, whoſe mutuall eye
Shot equall flames, and with the ſecret tye
Of undiſcloſ'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yeelding hearts, their loves unknown to either:
Both dearly lov'd; the more they ſtrove to hide
Their love, affection they the more deſcride.
It lies beyond the power of art to ſmother
Affection, where one vertue findes another.
One was their thoughts, and their deſires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknowne; belov'd, unknowne:
One was the Dart, that at the ſelfe-ſame time
Was ſent: that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd;
Yet, where they both could helpe, was none reliev'd:
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none

But two in all, and yet that all but one.
By this time had their barren lips betraid
Their timerous ſilence; now they had diſplayd
Love ſanguine colours, whilſt the winged Child
Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands; and ſmil'd
To ſee the combat of two wounded friends.
He ſtrikes and wounds himſelfe, while ſhe defends
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his wound ſhe bleeds;
She playes at him, and aiming at his breſt,
Pierc'd her own heart: And when his hand addreſt
The blow to her fair boſom, there it found
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,
Both loſt the day, and yet both won the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did ceaſe,
Their lips gave earneſt of a joyfull peace.

But O the hideous chances that attend
A lovers progreſs, to his journies end!
How many deſp'rate rubs, and dangers wait
Each minute, on his miſerable ſtate!
His hopes do build, what ſtraight his fears deſtroy:
Sometimes he ſurfeits with exceſs of joy:
Sometimes deſpairing ere to find reliefe,
He roares beneath the tyranny of grief:
And when loves current runs with greateſt force,
Some obvious miſchief ſtill diſturbs the courſe:

For lo, no ſooner the diſcovered flame
Of theſe new parted lovers did proclame
Loves ſacred Jubilee; but the Virgins Mother
(The poſture of whoſe viſage did diſcover
Some ſerious matter, harb'ring in her breſt)
Enters the room: Halfe angry, halfe in jeſt,

She



She thus began: *My dearest child, this night,*
When as the silent darkness did invite

(4) *Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possest*
My troubled mind, and rob'd me of my rest;
I slept not, till the early bugle horn
Of Chanticlere *had summon'd in the morn*
T'attend the Light, and nurse the new born Day:
At last, when Morpheus, *with his leaden key*
Had lockt my sense, and inlarg'd the power
Of my heaven-guided fancy, for an hour
I slumbr'd; and before my slumbring eyes,
One, and the selfe same dreame presented thrice;
I wak'd; and being frighted at the vision,
Perceiv'd the gods had made an apparition.
My dream was this: Me thought I saw thee sitting
Dreſt like a princely Bride, with robes befitting
The state of Majesty; thy Nymph-like hair
Loosly dishevel'd, and thy brows did beare
A Cypress *wreath; and (thrice three moneths expir'd)*
Thy pregnant womb grew heavy and requir'd
Lucina's *aid; with that, me thought I saw*
A team of harnest Peacockes *fiercely draw*
A fiery Chariot from the fliting skie,
Wherein there sate the glorious Majesty
Of great Saturnia, *on whose train attended*
A host of goddesses, Juno *descended*
From out the flaming Chariot, and blest
Thy painfull womb: thy pains a while increast,

At length she laid her gentle palms upon
Thy fruitfull flanke, and there was born a son:
She made thee mother of a smiling boy,
And after, blest thee with a mothers joy:
She kist the Babe, whose fortune she foretold;
For on his head she set a crown of gold;
Forthwith, as if the heavens had cloven in sunder,
Me thought I heard the horrid noyse of thunder;
The hail storm'd downe, and yet the skie was clear,
Some hailstones that descended did appear
As Orient pearls, some like refined gold,
Whereat the goddess turn'd, and said, behold,
Great Jove hath sent a gift; go forth, and take't:
Thus having spoke, she vanisht and I wak'd?
I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
They were no idle passages, that grew
From my distemperate thoughts: 'twas not a vain
Delusion roving from a troubled brain:
It was a vision, and the gods forespake
Parthenia's fortune: gods cannot mistake.
I lik'd the dream, wherein the heaven foretold
Thy joyfull marriage, and the showers of gold
Betokened wealth: The Infants golden Crown,
Ensuing honor: Juno's coming down,
A safe deliverance, and the smiling Boy,
Sum'd up the totall of a mothers joy:
But what the wreath of Cypress (that was set
Upon thy nuptiall brows) presag'd, as yet
The gods keep from me: if that secret doe
Portend an evill, heaven keep it from thee too.
Advise Parthenia: seeke not to withstand
The plot wherein the gods vouchsafe a hand:

Sub-

Submit thy will to theirs; what they enjoyne,
Muſt be; nor lies it in my power, or thine
To contradict: Endevour to fulfill
What, elſe muſt come to paſs againſt thy will.
Now by the filial duty thou doſt bear
The gods and me, or if ought elſe more dear
Can force obedience; as thou hop'ſt to ſpeed
At the gods hands, in greateſt time of need;
By heaven, by hell, by all the powers above,
I here conjure Parthenia *to remove*
All fond conceits, that labor to diſjoyn
What heaven hath knit, Demagoras *heart and thine;*
The gods are faithfull; and their wiſdoms know
What's better for us mortals, then we do:
Doubt not (my childe) the gods can not deceive:
What heaven does offer, fear not to receive
With thankfull hands; paſs not ſo ſlightly over
The dear affection of ſo true a lover:
Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breſt,
That findes abroad no joy, at home no reſt:
But, like a wounded Hart before the hounds,
That flyes, with Cupids *javelin in his wounds:*
Stir up thy rak'd up embers of deſire,
The gods will bring in fewel and blow the fire;
Be gentle, let thy cordiall ſmiles revive
His waſted ſpirits, that onely cares to live
To do thee honor: It was Cupids *will,*
The Dart *he ſent, ſhould onely wound, not kill;*
Yeeld then: and let th' ingaged gods powre downe
Their promis'd bleſſings on thy head, and crowne
Thy youth with joyes; and mayſt thou after be
As bleſt in thine, as I am bleſt in thee.

So

So ſaid, the fair *Parthenia*, to whoſe heart
Her fixt deſires had taught th'unwilling Art
Of diſobedience, calls her judgment in,
And, of two evils, determines it a ſin
More venial, by a reſolute denial,
To prove undutiful, then be diſloyal
To him, whoſe heart a ſacred vow had tyed
So faſt to hers; and(weeping)thus replied.

Madam
The angry gods have late conſpir'd to ſhow
The utmoſt their enraged hands could do,
And having laid aſide all mercy, ſtretch
Their power, to make one miſerable wretch,
Whoſe curſt and tortur'd ſoule muſt onely be
The ſubject of their wrath; and I am ſhe.
Hard is the caſe! my dear deſires muſt faile,
My vows muſt crack; my plighted faith be frail;
Or elſe affection muſt be ſo exil'd
A mothers heart, that ſhe renounce her child.

And as ſhe ſpake that word, a flowing tide
Of tears guſht out, whoſe violence deny'd
Th'intended paſſage of her doubling tongue:
She ſtopt a while, then on the floor ſhe flung
Her proſtrate body, while her hands did tear
(Not knowing what they did)her dainty hair:
Sometimes ſhe ſtruck the ground, ſometimes her breſts
Began ſome words, and then wept out the reſt:
At laſt, her liveleſs hands did, by degrees,
Raiſe her caſt body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her ſad eyes upon
Her mothers frowning viſage, thus went on.

Vpon theſe knees, theſe knees that ne'r were bent

To

To you in vain: that never did present
Their unrewarded duty: never rose
Without a mothers blessing; upon those,
Upon those naked knees I recommend
To your dear thoughts, those torments that attend
Your poor Parthenia, whose unknown distresse
Craves rather death, then language to expresse.
What shall I do? Demagoras and death
Sound both alike to these sad ears; that breath
That names the one, does nominate the other:
No, no, I cannot love him, my dear mother.
Command Parthenia now to undergo
What death you please, and these quick hands shall show
The seal of my obedience in my heart:
The gods themselves, that have a secret art
To force affection, cannot violate
The laws of Nature, or the course of Fate.
Can earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
Or can th'aspiring flames be taught to tend
To th'earth? If fire descend, and earth aspire,
Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire:
Even so, by nature, 'tis all one to me,
To love Demagoras and not to be:
No, no, the heavens can do no act that's greater,
Then (having made so) to preserve their creature:
And think you that the righteous gods will fill me
With such false joyes, as (if injoy'd) would kill me?
I know that they are mercifull, what they
Command, they give a power to obey.
The joyfull Vision that your slumbring eyes
Of late beheld, did promise and comprise
A fairer fortune, then the heavens can share

The poor Parthenia's merit; whom despaire
Hath swallow'd: Your propheticke dream descride
A royall marriage; pointed out the Bride:
Her safe deliverance; and her smiling son;
Honor and wealth; and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom: him, the heavens have seal'd
Within my breſt, by me, to be reveal'd;
Which if your patience shall vouchsafe to hear,
My lips shall recommend unto your ear.
When as Basilius (may whose royall hand
Long sway the scepter of the Arcadian land)
From Cyprus brought his more then princely Bride,
The fair Gynecia, (whom as Greece denide
An equal; so the world acknowledg'd none
As her superior in perfection:)
Vpon this Ladies royall train, and state,
A great concourse of Nobles did await,
And Cyprian princes, with their princely port,
To see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court:
Illustrious Princes were they, but as far
As midnight Phœbe out-shines a twinkling star,
So far, amongst this rout of princes, one
Surpast the rest, in honor and renown:
Whose perfect vertue findes more admiration
In the Arcadian Court, then imitation:
In th'excellence of his outward parts, and feature,
The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it self; which being richly fraught
And furnisht with transcendent worth, is thought
To be the chosen fortress for protection
Of all the Arts, and store-house of perfection:
The Cyprus stock did ne'r, till now, bring forth

So

So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth
Brings greater glory to the Arcadian *Land,*
Then can the dull Arcadians *understand:*
His name is Argalus:
He (Madam) was that Cypress wreath, *that crown'd*
My nuptial brows: And now the Bridegrooms' found,
Cloth'd in the mystry of that Cypress wreath;
Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath
Into my soul, O may I cease to be,
If ought but death part Argalus *and me:*
Yet does my safe obedience not withstand
What you desire, or what the gods command:
For what the gods command is your desire
Parthenia *should obey; and not respire*
Against their sacred counsels, or withstand
The plot, wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand:
We must submit our wills, that they enjoyn,
Must be; nor lies it in your power or mine,
To cross: we must endevor to fulfill
What else must come to pass against our will;
My vows are past, and second heavens decree,
Nothing shall part my Argalus *and me.*

So said, th'impatient mothers kindled eye
(Halfe closed with a murtherous frown) let flie
A scorching firebal, from whence was shed
Some drops of choler; sternly shakes her head;
With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flees,
Leaving *Parthenia* on her aking knees:
And as she fled, her fury thus began
To open, *And is* Argalus *the man?*
But there she stops, and striving to express
What rage had prompted, could do nothing lesse.

All you whose dear affections have been tost
In Cupids *blanket, and unjustly croſt*
By wilfull Parents, whose extreame command
Have made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,
That take a furious pleaſure to divorſe
Your ſouls from your beſt thoughts, (nay what is worſe
Then torture) force your fancies to reſpect,
And dearly love, whom moſt you diſaffect;
Draw near, and comfort the diſtreſsed heart
Of poor Parthenia *; let your eyes impart*
One drop at leaſt: and whoſo'er thou be
That read'ſt theſe lines, may thy deſire ſee
That like ſucceſs, if reading, thou forbear,
To wet this very paper with a tear.
Behold (poor Lady) how an howers time
Hath pluck't her faded Roſes from their prime,
Who, like an unregarded ruine, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
She, ſhe, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crownd
With promis'd joyes, lies grov'ling on the ground;
Her weary hands ſuſtaines her drooping head;
(*Too ſoft a pillow for ſo hard a bed*)
Her eyes ſwoln up, as loth to ſee the light,
That would diſcover ſo forlorn a ſight:
The flaxen wealth of her neglected hairs
Sticke faſt to her pale cheeks with dried tears;
And at firſt bluſh, ſhe ſeems, as if it were
Some curious ſtatue on a Sepulchre:
Sometimes her briny lips would whiſper thus,
My Argalus; my deareſt Argalus:
And then they cloſ'd again, as if the one
Had kiſt the other, for that ſervice done,

In

In naming *Argalus*: ſometimes oppreſt
With a deep ſigh, ſhe gave her fainting breſt
A ſudden ſtroke; and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother!*
And ſick with her own thoughts, her paſsion ſtrove
Betwixt the two extremes of griefe and love:
The more ſhe griev'd, the more her love abounded;
The more ſhe lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With deſp'rate grief: at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and grief, ſent forth this ſelf-diſcourſe.

How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) *how hath paſsion*
Put all thy thoughts and ſences out of faſhion?
Exil'd thy little judgment, and betray'd thee
To thine own ſelf? How nothing hath it made thee?
How is thy weather-beaten ſoul oppreſt
With ſtorms and tempeſts blown from the Northeaſt
Of cold deſpaire? which, long ere this, had found
Eternal reſt; had been orewhelm'd and drown'd
In the deep gulf of all my miſeries,
Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes;
My Argalus; O where, O where art thou?
Thou little think'ſt thy poor Parthenia, *now,*
Is tortur'd for thy ſake; alas, (dear heart!)
Thou knoweſt not the unſufferable ſmart
I undergo for thee: thou doſt not keepe
A Regiſter of thoſe ſad tears I weep,
No, no, thou doſt not.
Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, *do not ſpare*
To do the worſt thy active miſchiefe dare;
Deviſe new torments, or repeat the old,
Vntill thou burſt, or I complain: Be bold

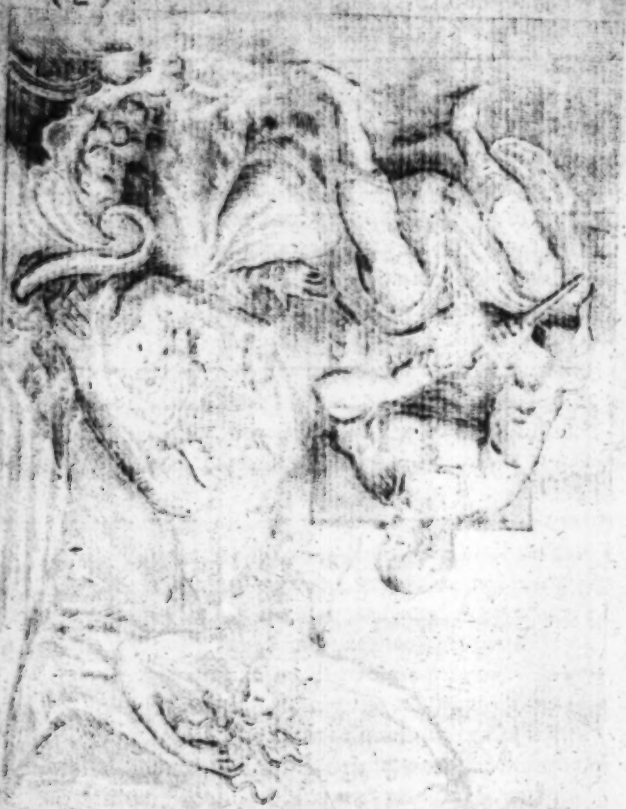
As bitter; I disdaine thy rage, thy power;
Who's level'd with the earth, can fall no lower;
Do; spit thy venome forth, and temper all
Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall:
Thy practis'd malice can no charm devise
Too sure for Argalus *to exercise:*
His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture
My sportfull pastime, to make howers shorter:
His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
Wherein your rage may practise Martyrdom.
But ere that word could usher out another,
The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
Enters the chamber; with a chang'd aspect
Beholds *Parthenia*; with a new respect
Salutes her child, and (having clos'd the door)
Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
Whereon she lay; and being set together,
In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her:
Perverse Parthenia, *is thy heart so sworn*
To Argalus *his love, that it must scorn*
Demagoras; *are your souls conjoyn'd so close,*
That my intreaty may not interpose?
If so, what help? yet let a mothers care
Be not contemn'd, that bids her child beware.
The sickle that's too early, cannot reap
A fruitfull harvest; looke before you leap.
Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
You cannot measure vertue in a day;
Vertues appear, but vices balke the light,
Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.
False are those joyes that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easily kindled, will not easily out:

Divide that love, which thou beſtow'ſt on one,
Twixt two; try both, then take the beſt or none:
Conſult with time; for time bewrayes, diſcovers
The faith, the love, the conſtancy of lovers.
Acts done in haſt by leaſure are repented,
And things, ſoon paſt, are oft too late lamented.
With that *Parthenia*, riſing from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: *Madam, each ſeverall day*
Since firſt you gave this body being, may
Write a large volum of your tender care,
Whoſe hourly goodneſs if it ſhould compare
With my deſerts, alas, the world would ſhow
Too great a ſum for one poor heart to owe.
I muſt confeſſe my heart is not ſo ſworn
To Argalus *his merit, as to ſcorn*
Demagoras; *nor yet ſo looſely tide,*
That I can ſlip the knot, and ſo divide
Entire affection, which muſt not be ſever'd,
Nor ever can be (but in vain) endevor'd,
My heart is one, and by one power guided:
One is no number, cannot be divided:
And Cupids *learned Schoolemen have reſolv'd*
That love divided is but love diſſolv'd:
But yet, what plighted faith and honor may
Not now unda, your counſell ſhall delay.
Madam, Parthenia's *hand is not ſo greedy,*
To reap her corn, before her corn be ready:
Her unadviſed ſickle ſhall not thruſt
Into her hopefull Harveſt, ere needs muſt:
To yours, Parthenia *ſhall ſubmit her skill,*
Whoſe ſeaſon ſhall be ſeaſon'd by your will:

Her time of harveſt ſhall admit no meaſure
But onely what's proportioned by your pleaſure.
So ended ſhe; but till that darkneſſe got
The maſtry of the light, they parted not:
The mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord;
The daughter (whoſe impatience had abhorr'd
His very name, had not her mother ſpok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't:
Yet ſtill the mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard-hearted wit
Knows to deviſe; perſwades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with ſmils, with tears, wᵗ threats;
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th'utmoſt that a marble breſted mother
Can do; and yet the more ſhe did apply,
The more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to deny;
The more ſhe did aſſault, the more contend;
The more ſhe taught the Virgin to defend:
At laſt, deſpairing (for her words did finde
More hopes to move a mountain, then her minde)
She ſpake no more; but from her chair ſhe ſtarted,
And ſpit theſe words, *Go peeviſh Girl*, and parted:
Away ſhe flings, and finding no ſucceſs
In her loſt words, her fury did addreſs
Her raging thoughts to a new ſtudied plot;
Actions muſt now enforce, what words could not.
Treaſon is in her thonghts; her furious breath
Can whiſper now no language, under death;
Poor *Argalus* muſt die, and his remove
Muſt make the paſſage to *Demagoras* love:
And till that bar be broken, or put by,
No hope to ſpeed; poor *Argalus* muſt die.

(5) *Dema-*

(2)



(5) *Demagoras* is call'd to counsell now,
Consults, Consents; and after mutuall vow,
Resolving on the act, they both conspire
Which way to execute their close desire;
Drawing his keene *Steelero* from his side,
Madam (said he) *this medicine well appli'd*
To Argalus *his bosome, will give rest*
To him, and me; the suddain way is best.
My Lord, your trembling hand (said she) *may miss*
The mark, and then your self in danger is
Of out-cry; or perchance his own resistance:
Attempts are dangerous, at so small distance:
A Drug's *the better weapon, which does breath*
Deaths secret errand, carries suddain death
Clos'd up in sweetness: Come, a Drug *strikes sure,*
And workes our ends, and yet we steepe secure;
My Lord, bethink no other; see your nest
Vpon these Cards; *the surest way is best:*
Leave me to manage our successful plot,
And if these studious brows contrive it not
Too sure for art of Magick *to prevent,*
Ne'r trust a womans wit when fully bent
To take revenge; Be gone, my Lord, Repose
The trust in me: Onely be wise, be close.

That night, when as the universall shade
Of the unspangled Heaven, & earth had made
An utter darkness; (darkness apt to further
The horrid enterprise of rapes, and murther)

She,

She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
A ful revenge, she calls *Athleta* to her,
(*Parthenia*'s handmaid) whom she thus bespake
Athleia, *dare thy private thoughts partake*
With mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy heart
A lock, that none can pick by theevish art,
Or breake by force? tell me, canst thou digest
A secret, trusted to thy faithful brest?
Madam, (said she) *Let me be never true*
To my own thoughts, if ever false to you:
Speake what you please; Athleia *shall conceal*;
Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.
Repli'd the Lady then: Athleia *knows*
How much, how much my dear affections ows
Parthenia's *heart, whose welfaire is the crown*
Of all my joyes, which now is overthrown
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
If thou betray the secret of my trust;
It lieth in thy power to remove
Approching evills: Parthenia *is in love*:
Her wasted spirits languish in her brest,
And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest,
Tis Argalus *she loves*; *who with disdain*
Requites her love, not loving her again;
He slights her tears; *the more that he neglects*;
The more entirely she (*poor soul*) *affects*:
She groanes beneath the burthen of despair,
And with her sighes she cloyes the idle air:
Thou art acqnainted with her private fears,
And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
Must know too much, for one poor heart t' endure;
But desperate's the wound admits no cure:

It lies in thee to help: Athleia, *say*,
Wilt thou assist me, if I find the way?
Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:
Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new
To Athleia's *ears*; *alas, it is too true*:
Long, long ere this, your servant hath reveal'd
The same to you, had not these lips been seal'd:
But if my best indeavours may extend
To bring my Ladies sorrowes to an end,
Let all th'enraged Deities allot
To me worse torment, if I do it not:
My life's too poor to hazard for her ease;
Madam, Ile do't, Command me what you please.
So said, the treacherous Lady stept aside,
Into her serious closet; and appli'd
Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
This forged Letter, in *Partheniaes* name.

To her faithfull *Argalus*.

ALthough the malice of a mother
Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
What my desire is should flame;
Yet Parthenia's *the same.*

Although my fire he hid a while,
Tis but fire slak'd with oyle:
Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
It shall burn, and blaze withall.

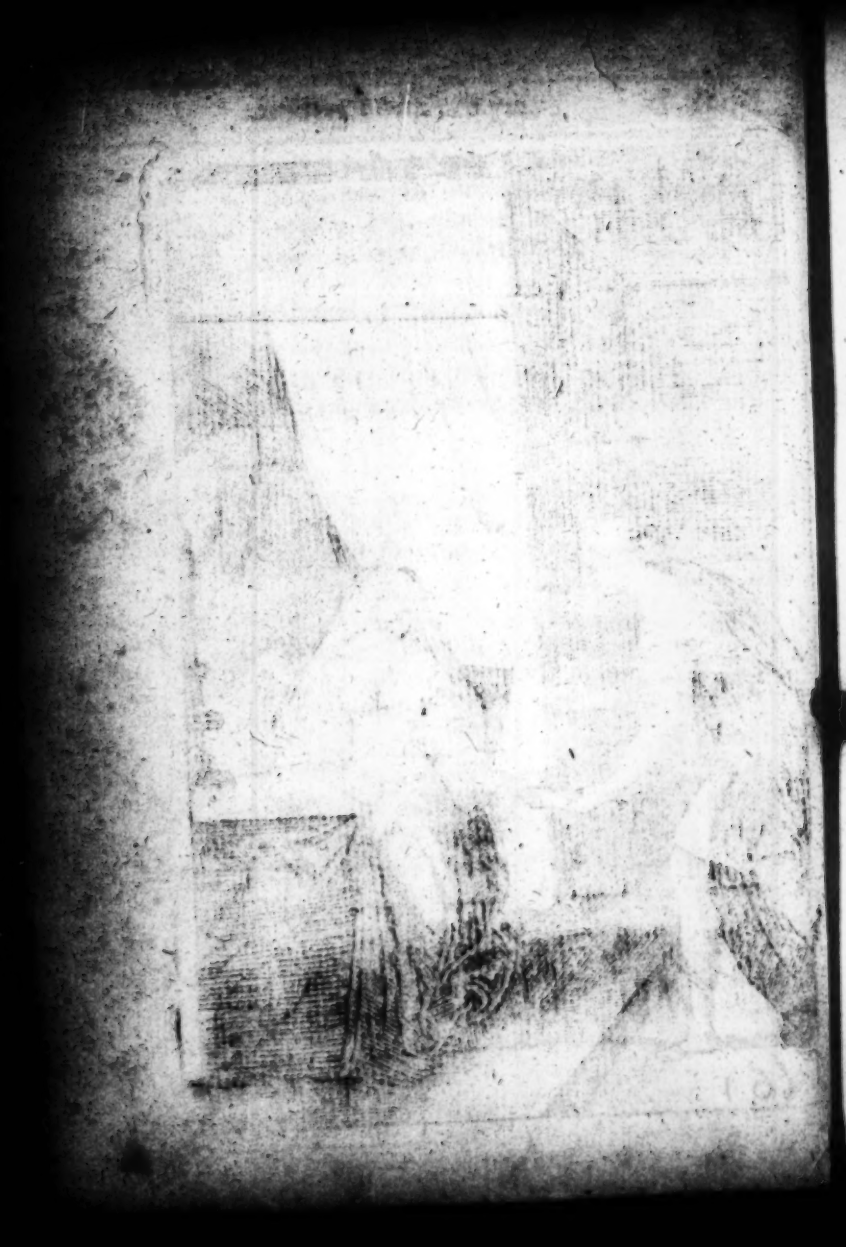
What I send thee, drink with speed,
Else let my Argalus *take heed*;

Vnleſſe thy providence withſtand,
There is treaſon neer at hand:
Drink as thou lov'ſt me, and it ſhall ſecure thee
From future dangers, or from paſt, recure thee.
Thy conſtant *Parthenia.*

This done, and ſeal'd, ſhe op'd her private door,
Call'd in *Athleia*, and ſaid, *For every ſore*
The gods provide a ſalve; force muſt prevaile
Where ſighes and teares, and deep entreaties fail.

(6) Forthwith, from out her Cabinet ſhe took
A little glaſs, and ſaid, Athleia, *look,*
Within theſe ſlender walls, theſe glazed liſts,
Parthenia's *happineſſe, and life conſiſts,*
It is Nepenthe; *which the factious gods*
Do uſe to drink, when ere they be at ods;
Whoſe ſecret vertue (ſo infus'd by Jove)
Does turn deep hatred into deareſt love;
It makes the proudeſt lover whine and baul,
And ſuch to dote, as never lov'd at all:
Here, take this glaſſe, and recommend the ſame
To Argalus *in his* Parthenia's *name,*
And to his hand, to his own hand commit
This letter; betweene Argalus *and it*
Let no eye come: Be ſure thy ſpeed prevent
The riſing Sun; and ſo heavens crown th'event.
By this, the feather'd *Belman* of the night
Sent forth his midnight ſummons, to invite
All eyes to ſlumber; when they both addreſt
Their thoughtfull mindes, to take a doubtfull reſt.

(6)



O heavens! and you, O you celestiall powers,
That never slumber, but imploy all howers
In mans protection; still preserving, keeping
Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping.
O, can your all-discerning eyes behold
Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd?
O can your hearts, O your tender hearts indure
To see your servant (that now sleeps secure,
Vnarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath
His own prepar'd destruction, his own death?
And will ye suffer't? he that is the crown
Of prized vertue, honor and renown;
The flower of Arts; the Cyprian *living story:*
Arcadia's *Garland, and great* Greeces *glory;*
The Earths new wonder, and the worlds example,
Must die betray'd; treason and death must trample
Vpon his life; and, in the dust must lie
As much admir'd perfection, as can die.
No, Argalus, *the coward hand of death*
Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath
The maske of love: thou art above the reach
Of open wrongs; mans force could ne'r make breach
Into thy life: no, Death could ne're uncase
Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.
Dream, Argalus, *and let thy thoughts be troubled*
With murthers, treason, let thy dreams be doubled:
And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
Be wisely superstitious, and beleeve.
O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever
Those eye-lids, that ere long must sleep for ever:

Wake now or never Argalus, *and withſtand*
Thy danger: Wake, the murtheres it is at hand:
Parthenia, *O* Parthenia, *who ſhall weep*
Thy world of tears; Canſt thou, O canſt thou ſleep?
Will thy dull genius give thee leave to ſlumber?
Does nothing trouble thee? no dream incumber
Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus *ſo near*
His lateſt hower? Not one dreaming tear?
Sleep on: and when thy flattering ſlumber's paſt,
Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep as faſt:
His death is plotted; and this morning light
Muſt ſend him down, into eternall night:
Nay what is worſe then worſt; his dying breath
Will cenſure thee, as Agent *in his death.*

By this, the broad fac'd *Quiriſter* of night
Surceas'd her ſcreeching note, and took her flight
To the next neighboring Ivy: Birds and beaſts
Forſake the warm protections of their neaſts,
And nightly dens, whilſt darkneſs did diſplay
Her ſable curtains to let in the day;
When ſad *Athleia's* dream had unbenighted
Her ſlumbring eyes, her buſie thoughts were frighted;
She roſe, and trembled; and being halfe diſtraught
With her prophetick fears, ſhe thus bethought.

What ails the gods thus to diſturb my reſt,
And make ſuch earthquakes in my troubled breſt?
Nothing but death, and murthers? Graves and Bells,
Frighting my fancy, with their howerly knells?
Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams they ſay,
Expound themſelves the clean contrary way:
The riddle's read; and now I underſtand
My dreams intents: Some marriage is at hand:

For death interpreted is nothing else
But marriage; and the melancholy Bells
Is mirth and musicke: By the grave, is read
The joyful, joyful, joyful marriage bed:
I, it is plain: and now, me thinkes 'twas I
That my propheticke dream foretold should dye.
If this be death, Death *exercise thy power,*
And let Athleia *die within this hour:*
Do, do thy worst, Athleia's *faithful breath*
Shall pray for nothing more then sudden death.
But stay, Athleia, *the too forward day*
Begins to gild the East; away, away.

So having said, the nimble fingered Lass
Took the forg'd letter, and the amorous glasse:
And to her early progress she applies her:
Departs, and towards *Argalus* she hies her;
But every step she tooke, her mind enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd:

How frail's the nature of a womans Will!
How cross! The thing that's most forbidden, still
They more desire; and least inclin'd, to do
What they are most of all perswaded to:
Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
Athleia *ne'r had strugled with her bands:*
I must not taste it! Had she not enjoyn'd
My lips from tasting it, Athleia's *minde*
Had never thought on't; now me thinks I long;
Desires, if once confin'd, become too strong
For womans conquer'd reason to resist:
A womans reason's measur'd by her list.
I long to taste; yet was there nothing did
Move my desire, but that I was forbid.

(7) With

(7) With that, she staid her weary steps, and hasted
T'unty the glass; lift up her arm, and tasted:
That done (and having now attain'd, almost,
Her journeys end) the little time she lost,
New speed regains: The nimble ground she traces
With double haste, and quick redoubled paces.
All on a suddain she begins to faint:
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:
Her blister'd tongue grows hot, her liver glows:
Her veines do boyl, her colour comes and goes,
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.
Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning draughts, to those that love thee not:
Live long, and let the righteous powers above,
That have preserv'd thee for *Parthenia's* love,
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes, with event
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.
By this time, did the lavish breath of Fame
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclame
Athleia's death; the current of which news
Truths warrant hath forbidden to abuse
Deceived ears: which when the Lady heard,
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain a murther, she arose
And with rude violence desperately throwes

He

Her trembling body on the naked floor,
But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the fair *Parthenia*'s mother:
May it suffice, that the extreams of shame,
And unresisted sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
The treason, then success; and more repenting
Of what she fail'd to do, then what she did,
Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid
What reason wants the power to perswade;
And griefs being grown too deepe for her to wade,
She sinks; and with a hollow sigh, she cried,
Wellcome thou easer of all evills, and died.

Now tongues begins to walke; and every ear
Hath got the *Saturyasis* to heár
This tragick Scene: the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
Fears not repulse, and scorns to be control'd:
Whilst loud report, (whose tender lips, before
Durst onely whisper) now begins to roar;
The letter found in dead *Athlers*'s brest
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was gueſt,
Is now confirm'd and clear'd: for all men knew
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

But have we lost Parthenia; *In what Isle*
Of endlesse sorrow lurks she all this while?
Sweet Reader urge me not to tell, for fear
Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a tear:
Excuse my silence: if my lines should speake,
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would breake.
No, leave her to her selfe; it is not fit
To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:

I leave this taske to those, that take delight,
To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despight
Of all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife
To paint a torment to the very life,
I leave that taske to such, as have the pow'r
To weep, and smile againe within an hour:
To those whose flinty hearts are more contented
To lim a grief then pity the tormented:
Let it suffice, that had not heaven protected
Her Argalus, *the joy whereof corrected*
That furious grief, which passion recommended
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.
When time(the enemy of Fame)had clos'd
Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes sorrows, raising from the ground
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
In her own tears; along expected Scean
Of better fortune enters in, to drean
Her marish eyes; her stormy night of tears
Being past, a welcome day of joy appears.
The rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrows; Let thine ear
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear,
A lovers diet's sweet commixt with sowre;
His hell and heaven oft times divides an houre.

(8) Now *Argalus can find* a fair access
To his *Parthenia*: Now, fears nothing lesse

Then

(8)

Then ears and eyes; and now *Partheniaes* heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcom, whilst her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no ſtander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he not preſent with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together: (chat;
Tneir cheeks are fill'd with ſmiles; their tongues with
Now this they make their ſubject: and now, that:
One while they laugh; and laughing, wrangle too,
And jar, as jealous lovers uſe to do:
And then a kiſſe muſt make them friends again:
Faith, one's too little; Lovers muſt have twain:
Two brings in ten, ten multiplies to twenty:
That, to a hundred: then becauſe the plenty
Grows troubleſome to count, and does incumber
Their lips, their lips gave kiſſes without number;
Their thoughts run backe to former times: they told
Of all loves paſſages they had of old:
Of this thing done, the time, the place and why;
The manner how, and who were preſent by:
The mothers craft, her undeceiv'd ſuſpition:
Her bated words her marble diſpoſition:
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears:
His ſoliloquies, and her ſecret tears:
Where firſt they met; th'occaſion of their meeting:
Their complement, the manner of their greeting:
His danger; his deliverance; and the reaſon
That firſt induc't the Agents to the treaſon.
Thus by the priviledge of time and leiſure
Their ſweet diſcourſes (crown'd with mutual pleaſure
Commixt with grief) they equall with the light,
And after, grumble at the envious night,

Which bid them part too soon: what day deni'd
In words, in thoughts the tedious night supplí'd,
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
To make the day so short, the night so long.
But now the little winged god repented
That he had laught so much; his heart relented;
His very soul grew sad; his blinded eye
Began to weep at his own tyranny:
Laments their sorrows: findes a secret way
To make the night as pleasing as the day:
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear discovers
The lingring torments of these wounded lovers:
Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
T'engross their names within his Register.
And now *Partheniaes* harvest draweth near:
(The dearly purchas'd price of many tear)
Her joy shall reap, what a world of griefe hath sown:
The time's appointed, and the day's set downe,
Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his Nuptiall bands,
Shall joyn together their espoused hands.
Here stop my muse: retire thy self and stay,
To gather breath againe the *Marriage day*.

Readers, the joyfull Bride salutes ye all:
In her behalfe, if any have let fall
A tender tear, to those she makes request
That they'l be pleas'd to grace her marriage feast.

Argalus and *Parthenia*.

The ſecond Book.

SAil, gentle *Pinace*: Now the heavens are clear,
The winds blow fair: Behold the harbor's near,
Tridented *Neptune* hath forgot to frown.
The rockes are paſt: the ſtorm is over-blown.
Up weather-beaten voyagers and rouze ye,
Forſake your loathed *Cabbins*; up and rouze ye
Vpon the open decks, and ſmell the land:
Chear up; the welcome ſhore is nigh at hand:
Sail, gentle *Pinace*, with a proſperous gale,
To th'Ile of *Peace*: Sail, gentle *Pinace*, ſail:
Fortune conduct thee; let thy keel divide
The ſilver ſtreams, that thou maiſt ſafely ſlide
Into the boſom of thy quiet *Key*,
And quit thee fairly of th'injurious *Sea*.
Great Sea-born Queene, thy birthright gives thee power
T'aſſiſt poor ſuppliants, grant one happy bower:
O, let theſe wounded Lovers be poſſeſt,
At length, of their ſo long deſired reſt.
Now, now the joyfull marriage *day* draws on:
The *Bride* is buſie, and the *Bridegroom*'s gone
To call his fellow Princes to the feaſt:
The *Garland*'s made: the bridal *Chamber*'s dreſt:

The *muſes* have conſulted with the *Graces*,
To crown the day, and honor their imbraces
With ſhadow'd *Epithalms*: their warbling tongues
Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* ſongs:
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;
The virgin tapers, and what other rights
Do appertain to *Nuptiall* delights
Are all prepar'd, whereby may be expreſt
The joyfull triumph of this marriage feaſt.
But ſtay! who lends me now an Iron pen,
T'engrave within the marble hearts of men
A tragicke ſcean: which whoſo'er ſhall read,
His eyes may ſpare to weep, and learn to bleed
Carnatian tears: if time ſhall not allow
His death prevented eyes to weep enow,
Then let his dying language recommend
What's left to his poſterity to end.

Thou ſaddeſt of all Muſes, come, afford
Thy ſtudious help, that each confounding word
May rent a heart (at leaſt,) that every line
May pickle up a Kingdome in the brine
Of her own tears: O teach me how 't extract
The ſpirit of griefe, whoſe vertue may diſtract
Theſe breſts, which ſorrow knows not how to kill,
Inſpire, O inſpire my melting quill;
And like ſad Niobe, *let every one*
That cannot mel: be turn'd into a ſtone.
Teach me to pain: an oft-repeated ſigh
So to the life, that whoſo'er be nigh,
May hear it breath, and learn to do the like
By imitation, till true paſſion ſtrike

There

Their bleeding hearts: Let ſuch as ſhall rehearſe
This ſtory, houl like Iriſh *at a herſe.*
Th'event ſtill crowns the act: Let no man ſay,
Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day:
For when the *Kalends* of this bridal feaſt
Were entred in, and every longing breſt
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
Were grown impatient now, to be ſuffic'd
With that, which *Art* and *Honor* had deviſ'd
T' adorn the times withal, and to diſplay
Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking ſweet occaſion
To bleſs her buſie thoughts, with contemplation
Of abſent *Argalus*, whoſe too long ſtay
Made minutes ſeem as days, and every day
A meaſur'd age; into her ſecret bower
Betooke her weary ſteps, where every hower
Her greedy ears expect to hear the ſum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
She hopes, ſhe fears at once; and ſtill ſhe muſes
What makes him ſtay ſo long; ſhe chides, excuſes;
She queſtions, anſwers, and ſhe makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by:
Why com'ſt thou not? Can Argalus *forget*
His languiſhing Parthenia? *What not yet?*
But as ſhe ſpake that word, ſhe heard a noiſe,
Which ſeem'd as if it were the whiſpering voice
Of cloſe conſpiracy: ſhe began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived ear
(Inſtructed by her hopes) had ſingled out
The voyce of *Argalus* from all the rout;

Whoſe

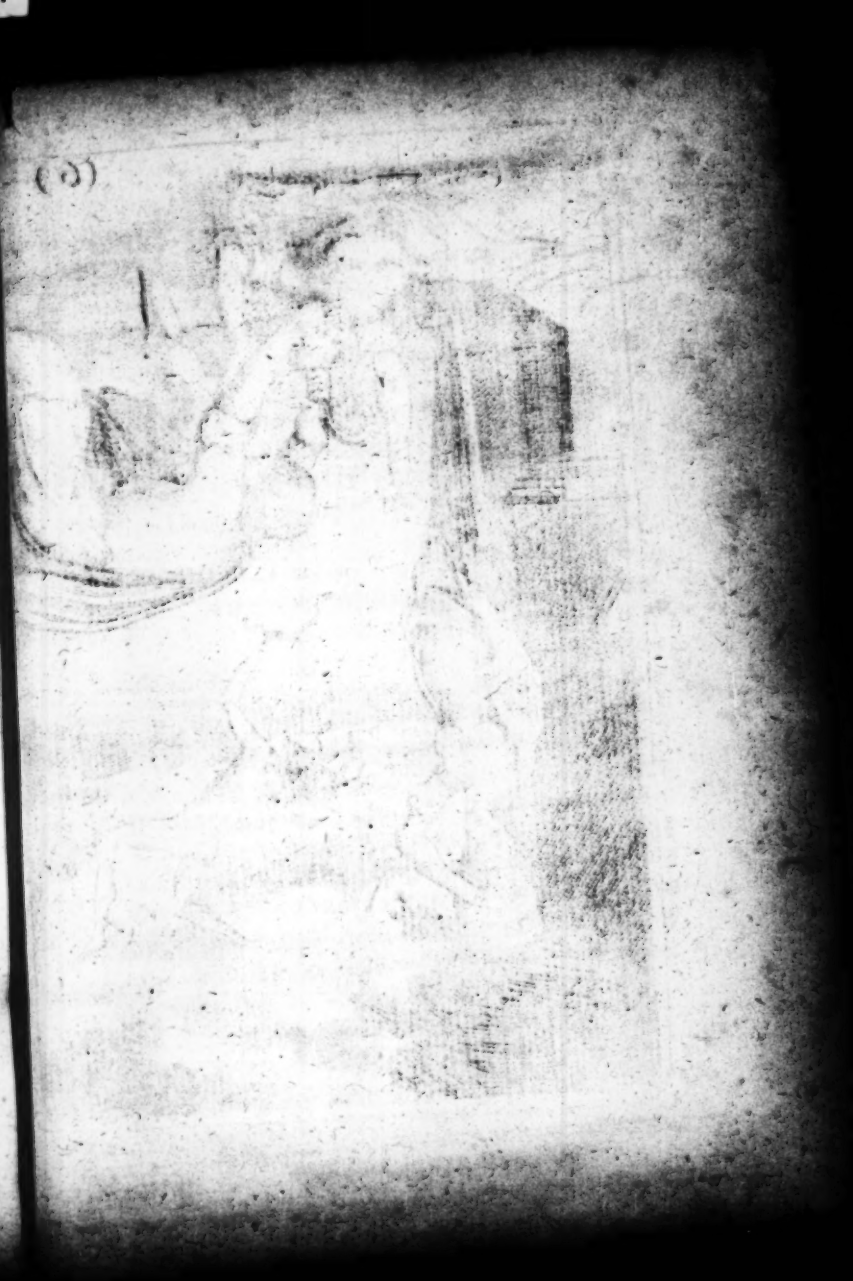
Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,
By stealth to seize upon her unaware:
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noyse, as if she heard it not:
Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
The warm protection of their nest, or taken
Upon themselves, a self-providing care,
To shift for food, but with paternall fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noyse they hear,
Their full-cropt parents are at hand to chear
Their craving stomackes; whilst th'impatient fist
Of the false Cater, rifling where it list,
In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
Their guiltlesse blood, and parts their gasping heads
From their vain strugling bodies; so, even so,
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did ow
Too much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes
Were set to welcom the unvalu'd prize
Of all her joyes, her dearest *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus:

Base trull, Demagoras *comes to let thee see,*
How much he scorns thy painted face, and thee:
Foul Sorceress! could thy prosperous actions think
To scape revenge, because the gods did wink
At thy designes? think'st thou thy mothers blood
Cryes in a language, not to be understood?
Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage murther
Of thine own aged parent, whose sad death
Must give a freedom to the whisp'ring breath
Of thy injoy'd Adulterer? *who (they say)*
Will cloak thy whoredome with a marriage day:

Nay

Nay ſtruggle not, here's none that can reprieve
Such pounded beaſts: It is in vain, to ſtrive,
Or roar for help; Why doſt not rather weep
That I may laugh! perchance, if thou wilt creep
Vpon thy wanton belly, and confeſs
Thy ſelf a true rtpentant Murtheress,
My ſinfull Page *may play the fool, and gather*
Thy early fruit into his barn, and father
The new-got Cyprian *baſtard, if that be*
Be half ſo wiſe, that got it, but to flee.
Hah! doſt thou weep, or do falſe miſts but mocke
Abuſed eyes? from ſo obdure a rocke
Can water flow? weeping will make thee fair;
Weep till thy marriage day? that who repair
To grace thy feaſt, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirror, ſee what tears can do.
Vile ſtrumpet! did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong
Thy judgment ſo, to think, Demagoras *tongue*
Could ſo defile his honor, as to ſue
For ſerious love? ſo baſe a thing as you
(Me thinks) ſhould rather fixe your wanton eyes
Vpon ſome eaſie groom, that hopes to riſe
Into his Maſters favor, for your ſake:
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopeful fortune: thou preſumptuous traſh!
What was my courtſhip, but the minutes daſh
Of youthfull paſſion, to allay the duſt
Of my deſires, and exuberous luſt?
I ſcorn thee to the ſoule, and here I ſtand
Bound for revenge, whereto I ſet my hand.

(9) With that he grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair:
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floore:
He stopt her mouth, for fear she should implore
An aid from Heaven: she swouning in the place,
His salvage hands besmear'd her liveless face
With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
He left her breathlesse, and away he fled:
Come, come ye Furies, your malignant spirits,
Infernall Harpies, or what else inherits
The land of darknesse; you that still converse
With damned souls; you, you that can rehearse
The horrid facts of villains, and can tell
How every hell-born'd looks that roars in hell,
Survey them all; and, then, inform my pen,
To draw in one, the monster of all men:
Teach me to limn a villain, and to paint,
With dexterous art, the basest Sycophant
That ere the mouth of insolent disdain
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon: the putred blain
Of all diseased humors, fit for none
But dogs to lift their hasty legs upon:
So clear mens eyes, that whoso'er shall see
The type of baseness, may cry, This is he:
Let his reproach be a perpetuall blot
In honors booke: Let his remembrance rot
In all good minds: Let none but villains call
His bugbear name to memory, wherewithal



To fright their bauling baſtards: Let no ſpell
Be found more potent, to prevaile in hell,
Then the nine Letters of his charm-like name:
Which, let our baſhfull Chris-croſs-row diſclaim
To the worlds end, not worthy to be ſet
In any but the Jewiſh Alphabet.

But hark! am I deceiv'd: or do I hear
The voice of *Arg'lus* ſounding in mine ear?
He calls *Parthenia*: no, that tongue can be
No counterfeit: He's come: 'tis he, 'tis he.
Welcome too late, that art now come too ſoon:
Hadſt thou been here, this deed had ne'er been done.
Alas! when lovers linger, and out-go
Their promis'd *date*, they know not what they doe:
Men fondly ſay, that women are too fond
At parting; to require ſo ſtrict a bond
For quick return: Poor ſouls! 'tis they endure
Oft times the danger of the forfeiture:
I blame them not: for miſchief ſtill attends
Upon the too long abſence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and ſeeks about
In every room to finde *Parthenia* out:
He askes, inquires, but all lips are ſparing
To be the authors of ill news, not daring
To ſpeake the truth: they all amazed ſtand:
And now my Lord's as fearfull to demand:
Dares not enquire her health, leſt his ſad ear
Should hear ſuch words, as he's afraid to hear:
All lips are bolted with a linnen bar,
And every eye does, like a blazing ſtar,
Portend ſome evil'; no language findes a leak:
The leſſe they ſpeake, the more he fears to ſpeak.

Faces grow ſad, and every private ear
Is turn'd a *Cloſet* for the whiſperer:
He walks the room; and like an unknown ſtranger,
They eye him: from each eye, he pickes a danger.
At laſt his lips not daring to importune
What none dare tell him, unexpected Fortune
Leads his raſh ſteps into a darkned room,
A place more blacke then night: no ſooner come,
But he was welcom'd with a ſigh, as deep
As a ſpent heart can give: he heard one weep,
And by the noiſe of groanes and ſobs, was led
(Having no other guide) to the ſad bed.
Who is't (ſaid he) *that calls untimely night*
To hide thoſe griefs that thus abjure the light?
With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
She paſt a ſigh, and ſaid, *O aske not who,*
Vrge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply
To your demand: Alas! it is not I.
Not I (ſaid he?) *what language do I heare?*
Darkneſſe may ſtop my eyes, but not mine ears:
It is my dear Parthenia's *voice, ah me!*
And can Parthenia, *not* Parthenia *be?*
What means theſe words, (Alas it is not I!)
What ſuddain ill hath taught thee to deny
Thy ſelf! or what can Argalus *then claim,*
If his Parthenia *be not the ſame*
She was? Alas, it ſeems to me all one
To ſay, Thou art not hers, that's not her own:
Can bills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly
Like wandring Atomes, in the empty ſky?
Or can the heavens (*grown idle*) *not fulfill*
Their certaine revolutions, but ſtand ſtill,

And

And leave their conſtant motions for the wind
T'inherit? Can Parthenia *change her minde?*
Heav'n ſooner ſhall ſtand ſtill, and earth remove,
Ere my Parthenia *falſifie her love:*
Vnfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
*Thoſe lips ſhould ſay, (*Alas! it is not I. *)*
Whereto ſhe thus repli'd? *O do not thou*
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once't allow,
That curſed name a room within thy breſt,
Let not ſo foul a prodigy be bleſt
With thy loſt breath: Let it be held a ſin,
Too great for pardon, ere to name't agen:
Let darkneſſe hide it in eternal night:
May it be clad with horrour to affright
A deſp'rate conſcience: He that knows not how
To mouth a curſe, O let him practiſe now
Vpon this name: Let him that would contract
The body of all miſchiefe, or extract
The quint'ſſence of a ſorrow, onely claim
A ſecret priviledge to uſe that name:
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foul a ſin, as once to mention it:
Live happy Arg'lus; *do not thou partake*
In theſe my miſeries: O forbear to make
My burden greater, by thy tender ſorrow:
Alas, my heart is ſtrong, and needs not borrow
Thy needleſs help: O be thou not ſo cruell,
To feed my flaming fires with thy fewel:
Why doſt thou ſigh - O wherefore ſhould thy heart
Vſurp my ſtage, and act Parthenia's *part?*
It is my proper taske: what, doſt thou mean,
Without my licence, to intrude my Scene?

Alas! thy ſorrows eaſe not my diſtreſs;
God knows, I weep not one poor tear the leſſe:
My patent's ſign'd and paſt, whereby appears
That I have got the Monopoly *of tears.*
In me let each mans torment finde an end:
I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend:
Let all ſpent mourners, that can weep no more,
Take tears on truſt, and ſet them on my ſcore.
And as ſhe ſpake that word, his heart not able
To bear a language ſo unſufferable,
But being ſwoln ſo big, muſt either breake,
Or vent his conquer'd reaſon grew too weak
T'oppoſe his quickned paſsion (like a man
Tranſported from himſelf) he thus began:
Accurſed darkneſſe! *thou ſad type of death!*
Infernal Hag, *whoſe dwelling is beneath!*
What means thy boldneſſe to uſurp this room,
And force a night, before the night be come:
Get, get thee down, and keep within thy liſts:
Go retell there; and hurl thy hideous miſts
Before thoſe curſed eyes, that take delight
In utter darkneſſe, and abhor the light;
Returne thee to thy dungeon, whence thou came,
And hide thoſe faces, whoſe infernal flame
Calls for more darkneſſe, and whoſe tortured ſouls
Crave the protection of th' obſcureſt holes,
To ſcape ſome laſhes, and avoid thoſe ſtrict
And horrid plagues, the furies do inflict:
But if thou needs muſt ramble here above:
Go to ſome other Climate, *and remove*
Thy ugly preſence from our darkned eyes,
That hate thy tyranny: Go exerciſe

Thy power in Groves, and ſolitary ſprings,
Where Bats are ſubject, and where Owls are kings:
Go to the graves, and fill thoſe empty rooms,
That ſuch as ſlumber in their ſilent tombs
May bleſs thy welcome ſhades, and lie poſſeſt
Of undiſturbed and eternall reſt:
Or if thy more ambitious ſoes deſire
To haunt the living, haſte thee, and retire
Into ſome Cloyſter, and there ſtand between
The light, and thoſe that fain would ſin, unſeen;
Aſſiſt them there; and let thy ugly ſhapes,
Count'nance cloſe treaſons, and inceſtuous rapes,
Benight thoſe rooms; and aid all ſuch as fear
The eye of heaven: Go, cloſe thy Curtains there,
We need thee not, (foul Witch) away, away;
Thou hid'ſt more beauty then the noon of day
Can give; O thou, that haſt ſo rudely hurl'd
On this dark bed the glory of the world.

So ſaid, abruptly he the room departs,
His cheeks looke pale, his curled hair upſtarts
Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flaſhes like the flames of lightning flie:
He calls for light; the light no ſooner come,
But his own hands conveyes it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He bleſt himſelf; he bleſt himſelf again,
Thrice did he bleſs himſelf, and after ſaid,

Foul witch, begone, and let thy diſmal ſhade,
Forſake this place: Let thy dark fogs obey
Great Vulcans *charge; in* Vulcans *name, away:*
Or if thy ſtout rebellion ſhall diſclaim
His ſoveraignty, in my Partheniaes *name.*

I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out,
He ſtept to that ſad bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkneſſe did
Command that ſuch a jewell ſhould be hid.

(10) His left hand held the taber, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to abſolve the light:
Which done, appear'd before his wondering eye
The trueſt portraict of deformity
As ere the Sun beheld: that lovely face
That was of late the model of all grace
And peerleſſe beauty, whoſe imperious eyes
Raviſht where ere they lookt, and did ſurpriſe
The very ſouls of men; ſhe, ſhe, of whom
Nature her ſelf was proud, is now become
So loath'd and abject, ſo deform'd, diſguiſed,
As darkneſſe, for mans ſake, was well advis'd
To clothe in miſts, leſt any were incited
To ſee that face, and ſo depart affrighted.
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
And rav'd, and roſe againe, ſtood ſtill and gaz'd;
At firſt he ſtartled, then he ſtood amaz'd:
Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
One while his tired fancy does refer
His thoughts to ſilence; as his thoughts increaſe,
His paſſion ſtrives for vent, and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd Reaſon had of late concluded,
And thus began: *Are theſe falſe eyes deluded?*

Or

Or have inchanted miſts ſtept in betweene
My abuſed eyes, and what my eyes have ſeene?
No, miſchief cannot act ſo fair a part,
T'affright in jeſt; it goes beyond the art
Of all black books, to maske with ſuch diſguiſe,
So ſweet a face: I know that theſe are eyes,
And this a light: Falſe miſts could never be
Betwixt my poor Parthenia, *and me.*
Accurſed Taper! *what infernall ſpright*
Breath'd in thy face? what fury gave thee light?
Thou imp of Phlegeton? *who let thee in*
To force a day, before the day begin?
Who brought thee hither? I? did I? From whom,
What lean chapt fury did I ſnatch thee from?
When as this curſed hand did go about
To bring thee in, why went not theſe eyes out?
Be all ſuch Tapers *curſed, for thy ſake;*
Ne'r ſhine, but at ſome Vigil, or ſad Wake;
Be never ſeen, but when as ſorrow calls
Thy needfull help to nightly funeralls?
Be as a May-game for th' amazed Bat
To ſport about; and Owls *to wonder at:*
Still haunt the chancells at a midnight knell,
To fright the Sexton *from his paſſing Bell:*
Give light to none but treaſons, and be hid
In their dark lanthorns: Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames; the room: and if that none
Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone:
Attend ſome miſers table, and then waſte
Too ſoon, that he may curſe thee for thy haſte;
Burn dim for ever: Let that flatt'ring light
Thou feed'ſt, conſume thy ſtock: be baniſht quite

From Cupids *Court: When lovers go about*
Their ſtollen pleaſures, let your flames go out:
Henceforth be uſefull to no other end,
But onely to burn day light, or attend
The mid-night cups of ſuch as ſhall reſigne
With uſury their undigeſted wine:
Why doſt thou burn ſo clear? Alas! theſe eyes
Diſcern too much: thy wanton blaze doth riſe
Too high a pitch: thou burnſt too bright for ſuch
As ſee no comfort: O thou ſhin'ſt too much:
Why doſt thou vex me? Is thy flame ſo ſtout
T'endure my breath? this breath ſhall puff thee out
Thus, thus my joyes are quite extinguiſht, never
To be reviv'd: Thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, tranſported with a furious haſte,
He blew it out: but mark, that very blaſt
(As if it meant on purpoſe, to diſclaim
His deſp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th' extinguiſht flame.
He ſtands amaz'd; and, having mus'd a while,
Beholds the tapor, and begins to ſmile.

And can the gods themſelves (ſaid he) *contrive*
A way for hope? Can my paſt joyes revive,
Like this rekindled fire? if they do,
I'll curſe my lips (*bright lamp*) *for curſing you.*
Eternall Fates! deal fairly; dally not:
If your hid bounties have reſerv'd a lot
Beyond my weaned hope, be it expreſt
In open view; make haſte, and do your beſt:
But if your juſtice be determin'd ſo
To exerciſe your vengeance on my wo,
Strengthen not what at length you mean to burſt;
Strike home betimes; diſpatch, and do your worſt:

That

That burthen is too great for him to bear,
That's evenly poiſed betwixt hope and fear.
And there he ſtopt; as fearing to moleſt
The ſilent peace of her diſſembled reſt.
He gaz'd upon her; ſtood as in a trance:
Sometimes her liveleſſe hand he would advance
To his ſad lips; then ſteal it down agen:
Sometimes, a tear would fall upon't, and then
A ſigh muſt dry it; every kiſs did bear
A ſigh, and every ſigh begat a tear:
He kiſt, he ſigh'd, he wept, and, for a ſpace,
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
And in a whiſpering language, he disburs'd
His various thoughts; thus, with himſelf diſcours'd.
And were the Sun-beams of thoſe eyes too fierce
For mortall view? Or did thoſe fires diſperſe
Flames too conſuming forth' amaz'd beholders?
Or did thy youth make treaſon e'er the bolder?
To ſtain that brow; and by a midnight theft,
To ſteal more beauty then the day had left?
Or did that blind, that childiſh god deſcry
A kind of twilight from that heavenly eye,
Which, over-bright, he ſought to make more dim
By blurring that, which elſe had blaſted him?
Or did the Sea-born goddeſs Queene repine
To ſee her ſtar out-ſhone ſo much by thine;
And fill'd with rage, and envious deſpight,
Sent down a cloud t'eclipſe ſo fair a light?
Or did the wiſer Deities foreſee
This like danger; that when men ſhould ſee
So bright a lamp; fearing they ſhould commit
Such ſweet idolatry, benighted it?

Or did the too too careful gods conſpire
A good for man, tranſcending mans deſire,
And knowing ſuch an eye too bright for any
Gave it a wound, leſt it ſhould wound too many?
If ſo they meant, they might have been more kind
To ſave that beau'y, and have ſtruck us blind.

Before the ſound of his laſt breath was gone
(Her ſpeech being marſhal'd with a powerful groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her diſtracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
Wept forth theſe words: *Thus fleet, thus tranſitory*
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
Poor Earth can give; Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,
Can quit the debt, that neceſſary duty,
They owe to Change *and* Time; *but like a flower,*
They flouriſh now, and fade within an howre:
The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing ſtayes
At the ſame point, all alters, all decayes:
The world is like a play, where every age
Concludes her Scene, and ſo departs the ſtage;
And when Times *haſty hower-glaſs is run,*
Change *ſtrikes the* Epilogue, *and all the play is done.*
Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
Perchance to morrow begs, and bluſhes not:
Whoſe beauty was ador'd ore night, next morning
May find a face, like mine, not worth the ſcorning:
Looke where we liſt, there's nothing to the eye
Seems truly conſtant, but Inconſtancy.

Moſt dear Parthenia, (Argalus *repli'd*)
Had thy deceived eye but ſtept aſide,
And lookt upon thy Argalus *his breſt;*
I know, I know, thy language had profeſt

Another

Another faith : thy lips had ne'r let flye
At unawares, ſo great an Hereſie:
Tis not the change of favour, that can change
My heart; nor time, nor fortune can eſtrange
My beſt affections, ſo for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My ſoul, and thine; If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone; my fancy had given place,
Ere this, to freſh deſires, and attended
Vpon new fortunes; and the old had ended,
If I had lov'd thee, for thy heavenly eye,
I might have courted the bright Majeſty
Of Titan: *if thy curious lips had ſnar'd*
My lik'riſh thoughts, I might have ſoon prepar'd
A bluſhing Currall, *or ſome full ripe* Cherry,
And pleas'd my lips, untill my lips are weary,
Or if the ſmoothneſs of thy whiter brow
Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow
To outward objects, poliſht Marble *might*
Have given as much content, as much delight.
In brief, had Argalus *his flatter'd eye*
Been pleaſed with beauties bare Epitomy,
The curious picture might have then ſuppli'd
My wants, more full, then all the world beſide:
No, no; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
Nor any outward ex'llence urg'd me, why
To love Parthenia: *'twas thy better part,*
(Which miſchief could not wrong) ſurpris'd my heart:
Thy beauty was but like a Cryſtall caſe,
Through which, the jewell of admired grace
Tranſparent was, whoſe hidden worth did make
Me love the Casket *for the jewels ſake:*

No, no, my well adviſed eye pierc'd in
Beyond the film; ſunk deeper then the skin;
Elſe had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty
I ow my vows, had faded with thy beauty:
Nay, weep not my Parthenia; *let thoſe tears*
Ne'r wail that loſſe, which a few after years
Had claim'd as due; chear up, thou haſt forſaken
But that, which ſickneſs would (perchance) have taken,
With greater diſadvantage; or elſe age,
That common evill, which art cannot aſſwage;
Beauty's but bare opinion: White *and* Red
Have no more priviledg, then what is bred
By humane fancy, which was ne'er confin'd
To certain bounds, but varies like the wind:
What one man likes, another diſreſpects,
And what a third moſt hates, a fourth affects:
The Negro's *eye thinks blacke beyond compare,*
And what will fright us moſt, they count moſt fair,
If then opinion be the touch, whereby
All beautie's tried; Parthenia, *in my eye,*
Out-ſhines fair Helen, *or who elſe ſhe be*
That is more rich in beauties wealth then ſhe.
Chear up: the ſoveraignty of thy worth infranches
Thy captive beauty; and thy vertue blanches
Theſe ſtaines of fortune: Come, it matters not
What others think: A letter's but a blot
To ſuch as cannot read; but, who have skill,
Can know the fair impreſſion of a quill,
From groſs and heedleſs blurs; and ſuch can thinke
No paper foule, that's fairly writ with Inke:
What others hold a blemiſh in thy face,
My skilfull eyes read characters of grace:

VVhat hinders then, but that without delay,
Triumph may celebrate our nuptiall day?
She that hath onely vertue to her guide,
Though wanting beauty, is the faireſt bride.
A Bride? (ſaid ſhe) *ſuch Brides as I, can have*
No fitter bridall chamber then a grave:
Death *is my* Bridegroom; *and to welcom* Death,
My loyall heart ſhall plight a ſecond faith:
And when that day ſhall come, that joyfull day
Wherein tranſcendant pleaſures ſhall allay
The heat of all my ſorrows, and conjoyn
My pale-fac'd Bridegrooms *lingring hand with mine,*
Theſe Ceremonies *and theſe* Triumphs *ſhall*
Attend the day to grace that day *withall.*
Time *with his empty Hower-glaſs ſhall lead*
The triumph on, his winged hooſe ſhall tread
Slow paces; After him there ſhall enſue
The chaſte Diana *with her Virgin crew,*
All crown'd with Cypreſs garlands: after whom
In rank, th' impartiall Deſtinies *ſhall come:*
Then in a ſable Chariot *faintly drawn*
VVith harneſt Virgins *vail'd with pureſt lawn,*
The Bride *ſhall ſit;* Deſpair *and* Grief *ſhall ſtand*
Like heartleſſe Bridemaids *upon either hand:*
Vpon the Chariot *top, there ſhall be plac'd*
The little winged god with arm unbrac'd,
And Bow unbent: his drooping wings muſt hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his ſide
Muſt be unarm'd, and either hand muſt hold
A Banner, *where with* Characters *of gold*
Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
To read that runs) Faith, Love *and* Conſtancy.

Next

Next after, hope, *in a diſcoloured weed*
Shall ſadly march alone: A ſlender Reed
Shall guid her feeble ſteps, and in her hand
A broken Anchor *all beſmear'd with ſand.*
And after all, the Bridegroom *ſhall appear*
Like Joves Lieutenant, *and bring up the rear,*
He ſhall be mounted on a Coal-blacke Steed,
His hand ſhall hold a Dart, *on which ſhall bleed*
A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
Which Cupids *Javelin enter'd, ſhall be found.*
When as the Triumphs ſhall adorn our feaſt,
Let Argalus *be my invited gueſt,*
And let him bid me nuptiall Joy, *from whom*
I once expected all my joyes ſhould come.

With that, as if his countenance had thought good
To wear deaths colours, or as if his blood
Had been imployed to condole the ſmart
And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
He thus beſpake: *Vnhappieſt of all men,*
Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?
Vnequall chance! Had it been fleſh and blood
I could have grabled, and (perchance) withſtood
Some ſtout incounters: had an armed hoſt
Of mortall Rivals *ventur'd to have croſt*
My beſt deſires; my Partheniaes *eye*
Had given me power to make that army flie
Like frighted Lambs before the Wolfe; but thou
Before whoſe preſence all muſt ſtoop and bow
Their ſervile necks, what weapons ſhall I hold
Againſt thy hand that will not be controul'd?
Great enemy: whoſe Kingdom's in the duſt
And darkſome Caves: I know that thou art juſt;

Elſe

Elſe had the gods ne'r truſted to thy hand
So great a priviledge, ſo large command
And juriſdiction ore the lives of men,
To kill, and ſave even whom they pleaſe, and when:
O, ſuffer not Parthenia's *tempting tears*
To move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted ears
Be deaf to all her ſutis: If ſhe profeſs
Affection to thee, beleeve nothing leſs:
She's my betrothed Spouſe, and Hymens *bands*
Have firmely loyn'd our hearts, though not our hands;
Where plighted faith, and Sacro-ſanctious *vow*
Hath given poſſeſſion, diſpoſeſs not thou:
Be juſt; and though her briny lips bewaile
Her grief with tears, let not thoſe tears prevail.
Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not diſjoyn,
I am Partheniaes, *and* Parthenia's *mine;*
Alas! we are but one; then thou muſt either
Refuſe us both; or elſe, take both together.
My dear Parthenia, *let no cloudy paſſion*
Of dull deſpair moleſt thee; or unfaſhion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled minde
Either forgetful, or thy ſelf unkinde:
Starve not my pining hopes with longer ſtay:
My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;
It hovers up and downe, and cannot reſt
Vntill it light, and perch upon thy breſt.
Torment not him, within theſe lingering fires,
That's rackt already on his own deſires:
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,
Whereto they promis'd faith hath ſet her hand:
And what our plighted hearts, and mutuall vow
Have ſo long ſince begun, O finiſh now;

That

That our imperfect, and halfe pleasures may
Receive perfection by a marriage day.
Whereto, she thus: *Had the pleas'd gods above*
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bless at large; Had all the powers of heaven
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
As great addition to my slender fortune
As they could give, or covetous mind importune,
I vow to heaven, and all those heavenly powers,
They should no sooner bin made mine, but yours;
Nay had my fortunes stayd but at the rate
They were; had I remained in that state
I was; (although at best unworthy far
Of such a peerless blessing as you are)
My dear acceptance should have fill'd mine heart
As full of joyes as now it is of smart.
But, as I am, let angry Jove *then vent*
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent:
And when I roar, let Heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus *to such a Bride:*
Live happy Argalus, *let thy soul receive*
What blessings poor Parthenia *cannot have:*
Live happy: May thy joyes be never done,
But let one blessing draw another on:
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy soul: and pitch an everlasting guard
About the portals of thy tender heart,
And showre down blessings whereso'er thou art:
Let all thy joyes be as the moneth of May,
And all thy dayes be as a marriage day:
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled mind
Be strangers to thee; let them never finde

Thy heart at home: let Fortune ſtill allot
Such lawleſs gueſts to thoſe that love thee not:
And let thoſe bleſſings, which ſhall wanting be
To ſuch as merit none, alight on thee.
That mutuall faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath paſt, I give thee freedome to tranſlate
Vpon the merits of ſome fitter ſpouſe;
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows:
I call the gods to witneſſe, nothing ſhall
More bleſſe my ſoule, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, then to ſee
My Argalus *(what ere become of me)*
So linkt in wedlock, as ſhall moſt augment
His greater honor, and his true content.
With that, a ſuddain and tempeſtuous tyde
Of tears orewhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A paſſage; but when paſsions flood was ſpent,
She thus proceeds: *You gods, if you are bent*
To act my tragedy, why do you wrong
Our patience ſo, to make the play ſo long?
Your Scenes are tedious; 'Gainſt the rules of art,
You dwell too long, too long upon one part.
Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
One ſimple maid amongſt ſo many gods,
And not be conquer'd yet? conjoyn your might,
And ſend her ſoul into eternal night,
That lives too long a day: Ile not reſiſt;
Provide you ſtrike home, ſtrike where ye liſte
Accurſed be that Day, *wherein theſe eyes*
Firſt ſaw the light; let deſp'rate ſouls deviſe
A curſe ſufficient for it: Let the Sun
Ne'r ſhine upon it; and what e'rs begun

Vpon that fatal day, Let Heaven forbid it
Succeſs; if not, t'enſnare the hand that did it.
Why was I born? Or, being born, O why
Did not my fonder Nurſes Lullaby
(Even whilſt my lips were hanging on her breſt)
Sing her poor Babe *to everlaſting reſt?*
O then my infant ſoul had never known
This world of grief, beneath whoſe weight I groan:
No, no, it had not; he that dies in's prime,
Speeds a long buſineſſe in a little time.
But *Argalus* (whoſe more extream deſire,
Unapt to yeeld like water-ſprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
Gave thus an on-ſet to a further tryall:
Life of my ſoul; by whom, next Heaven, I breath:
Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death:
How can thy wiſhes eaſe my grief, or ſtand
My miſery in ſtead, when as thy hand,
And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
Reliefe, and yet refuſes to relieve me?
Strange kind of charity, when being afflicted,
I finde beſt wiſhes, yet am interdicted
Of thoſe beſt wiſhes, and muſt be remov'd
From loves injoyment; why? Becauſe belov'd.
Alas! alas! how can my wiſhes be
A bleſſing to me, if unbleſt in thee?
Thy beauty's gone, (thou ſayeſt) why, let it go;
He loves but ill, that loves but for a ſhow;
Thy beauty is ſupplid in my affection,
That never yet was ſlave to a complexion.
Shall every day, wherein the earth does lacke
The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?

Or ſhall thy over-curious ſteps forbear
A garden cauſe there be no roſes there?
Or ſhall the Sun-ſet of Partheniaes *beauty*
Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty,
The which my beſt adviſ'd affection owes
Her ſacred vertue, and my ſolemn vows?
No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate
To make Parthenia *too unfortunate*
For Argalus *to love.*
It is as eaſie for Partheniaes *heart*
To prove leſs vertuous, as for me to ſtart
From my firm faith; the flame that honors breath
Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench, but death;
Thou gav'ſt me leave to chuſe a fitter Spouſe,
And freedom to recal, to quit thoſe vows
I took: who gave thee licence to diſpence
With ſuch falſe tongues, as offer violence
To plighted faith? Alas! thou canſt not free
Thy ſelf, much leſs hadſt power to licence me.
Vows *can admit no change; they ſtill perſever*
Againſt all change; they bind for ever:
A vow's a holy thing, *no common breath:*
The limits of a vow is Heaven *and* Death:
A vow that's paſt, is like a bird that's flown
From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none;
It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jeſt,
As ſoon as vented; lives not in thy breſt,
When uttered once, but is a ſacred word
Straight entred in the ſtrict and cloſe Record
Of Heaven; it is not like a Juglers *knot,*
Or faſt, or looſe, as pleaſes us or not.

Since

Since then thy vows can finde no diſpenſation,
And may not be recal'd, recal thy paſſion;
Perform, performe what now it is too late,
T'unwiſh againe, too ſoone to violate:
Seek not to quit, what Heaven denyes to free:
Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.
Thrice dearer then my ſoul, (ſhe thus repli'd)
Had my own pampered fancy been the guide
To my affection, I had condeſcended
Ere this, to your requeſt, which had befriended
My beſt deſires too: I lov'd not thee
For my own pleaſure in that baſe degree,
As gluttons do their diet, who diſpenſe
With unwaſh't hands, (leſt they ſhould give offence
To their grip'd ſtomacks, when a minutes ſtay
Will make them curſe occaſion all the day)
I lov'd not ſo; my firſt deſires did ſpring
From thy own worth; and as a ſacred thing,
I always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands
Me not prophane with theſe defiled hands:
Tis true; performance is a debt we owe
To Vows, *and nothing's dearer then a vow;*
Yet when the gods do raviſh from our hand,
The means to keepe it, 'tis a countermadd.
He that hath vow'd to ſacrifice each day,
At Juno's *altars bound, and muſt obey:*
But if (being under vow) the gods do pleaſe
To ſtrike him with a leprous diſeaſe,
Or foul infection; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, *or to breake the vow?*
The caſe is mine; where then the gods diſpence,
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.

Admit

Admit it were an evill; 'tis our beſt,
Of neceſſary ills, to chuſe the leaſt.
The gods are good: the ſtrict recogniſance
Of vows, is onely taken to advance
The good of man; now if that good prove ill,
We may refuſe, our vow's intire ſtill.
I vow a marriage; why? becauſe I do
Entirely effect that man my Vows *are to;*
But if ſome foul diſeaſe ſhould interpoſe
Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows:
The ſtrict performance of thoſe vows muſt prove
A wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.
Then urge no more: Let my denial be
A pledge ſufficient 'twixt my love and thee.
So ended ſhe: But vehement deſire
(That can be quencht with *No*, no more then fire
With oyl; and can ſubmit to no condition)
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician;
He ſpeaks; ſhe anſwers: He, afreſh, replies;
He ſtoutly ſues; as ſtoutly ſhe denies.
He begs in vain; and ſhe denies in vain:
For ſhe denies again: He begs again.
At laſt, both weary, he his ſuit adjourns;
For lovers dayes are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewel; as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both figh'd together.
She bids farewel; and yet ſhe bids it ſo,
As if her farewell ended, if he go;
He bids farewel; but ſo, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewels to his ſtay.
She bids farewell, but holds his hand ſo faſt,
As if that farewel had not been the laſt.

Both

Both ſigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy hearted,
She bids farewel, he bids farewel, and parted.
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone?
And now *Parthenia*'s weeping all alone,
And like the widdow'd turtle ſhe bewails
The abſence of her mate: Paſſion prevails
Above her ſtrength: Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven: and what's Hell
By her own torments: Sorrow now does play
The tyrants part, Affection muſt obey;
And like a weathercock her various mind
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blaſt of wind.
In deſp'rate language ſhe deplores her ſtate;
She fain would wiſh, but then ſhe knows not what:
Reſolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She fain would flee: but then ſhe knows not whither:
At length (conſulting with the heartleſſe pair

(11) Of all advifers, Sorrow, and Deſpair)
Reſolves, to take th'advantage of that night,
To ſteal away, and ſeeke for death by flight:
A Pilgrims weed her liveleſſe limbs addreſt
From head to foote: A thong of leather bleſt
Her waſted loyns; her feeble feet were ſhod
With ſandals: In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th'illuſtrious Soveraign of the Day
Had now begun his circuit, to ſurvay
His lower Kingdome, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthia*'s goverment,

Forth

Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
The progreſſe now, which onely death can end.
Go hapleſſe Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine own vertues; and what elſe beſide,
That may be proſperous; may thy merits finde
More happineſſe, then thy diſtreſsed mind
Can hope: Live, and to after ages prove
The great example of true *Faith*, and *Love*:
Gone, gone ſhe is; but whither ſhe is gone,
The gods, and fortune can reſolve alone:
Pardon my Quill, that is inforc't to ſtray
From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.
To number forth her weary ſteps, or tell
Thoſe obvious dangers, that ſo oft befell
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miſeries on the open ſtage,
Her broken ſlumbers, her diſtracted care:
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare;
Her daily perils, and her nightly ſcapes
From ravenous beaſts, and from attempted rapes,
Is not my taske; who care not to incite,
My readers paſsion to an appetite.
We leave *Parthenia* now; and our diſcourſe
Muſt caſt an eye, and bend her ſetled courſe
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To viſit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceived ſhe was fled, not knowing whither,
He makes no ſtay: Conſults not with the weather,
Stayes not to think, but claps his haſty knees
To his fleet Courſer, and away he flees:
His haſte enquires no way, (he needs not fear
To loſe the road, that goes he knows not where:)

One

One while he prickes upon the fruitful plains;
And now, he gently ſlackes his prouder reins
And climbs the barren hills: with freſh careers
He tries the right hand way; and when he veres
His courſe upon the left: One while he ſ'ikes
This path, when by and by, hisfancy ſtrikes
Upon another track. Sometime he roves
Among the ſprings and ſolitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of ſundry trees,
H'engraves *Partheniaes* name with his: then flees
To the wild champian: his proud Steed removes
The hopeful fallows, with his horned hooves:
He baulks no way, rides over rock and Mountain,
When led by Fortune to *Diana*'s Fountain,

(12) He ſtraight diſmounts his Steed, begins to
His thirſty lips; and after that, to drench (quench
His fainting limbs, in that ſweet ſtream, wherein
Partheniaes dainty fingers oft had bin.
The Fountaine was upon a ſteep deſcent,
Whoſe gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firme rocke, which art (to make it known
To after ages) wall'd and rooft with ſtone:
Above the Cryſtall Fountaines head was plac'd
Dianaes Image (though of late defac'd:)
Beneath, a rocky Ciſtern did retaine
The Water, ſliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whoſe curious Current the Worlds greater eye
Ne'r view'd, but in his mid-day Majeſty:

It

It was that Fountaine, where in elder times
Poor *Corydon* compos'd his rural rimes.
And left them closely hid, for his unkind
And marble hearted *Phillida* to finde.
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his losse of time with a new speed:
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
His progresse, God knows whither: He pursues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a minde as doubtful as the way)
He journeyes on; he left no course unthought:
No traveller unaskt; no place unsought.
To make a Journal of each circumstance;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Befel his tedious travell: to relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;
His rare atchievements, and their fair successe;
His noble courage, in extreame distresse;
His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance:
His high esteem with men, which did enhance
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove*:
And what he suffer'd for *Partheniaes* love,
Would make our volume endlesse, apt to tire
The utmost patience of a studious eye:
All which the bounty of a free conceit
May sooner reach to, then my pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthiaes* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing mortals, with her globe of light,
This restlesse Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a solitary quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest

The dregs of ſorrow, and to count all joyes
But follies, (weigh'd with her) at leaſt, but toyes.
It hapned now, that twice ſixe moneths had run
Since wandring *Argalus* had firſt begun
His toilſom progreſſe; who, in vain, had ſpent
A yeer of howers, and yet no event,
When fortune brought him to a goodly ſeat,
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not ſo great
As pleaſant; and leſs curious to the ſight,
Then ſtrong, yet yielding even as much delight
As ſtrength: whoſe only out-ſide did declare
The Maſters judgment, and the builders care.
Around the *Caſtle*, Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treaſure; round about
Well fenced Medows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd proviſion for the Winter tide:
Neer which the neighb'ring hills (wel ſtockt & ſtor'd
With milk-white flockes) did ſeverally afford
Their fruitfull bleſſings, and deſerv'd increaſe
To painful Huſbandry, the childe of Peace:
It was *Kalanders* ſeat, who was the brother
Of loſt *Parthenias* late deceaſed Mother.
He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
Of private *Gentry*; who preferr'd the love
Of his reſpected neighbors, far above
The apiſh congies of th' unconſtant Court;
Ambitious of a good, not great report:
Beloved of his prince, yet not depending
Upon his favors ſo, as to be rending
Upon his perſon: and, in brief, too ſtrong
Within himſelfe, for fortunes hand to wrong:

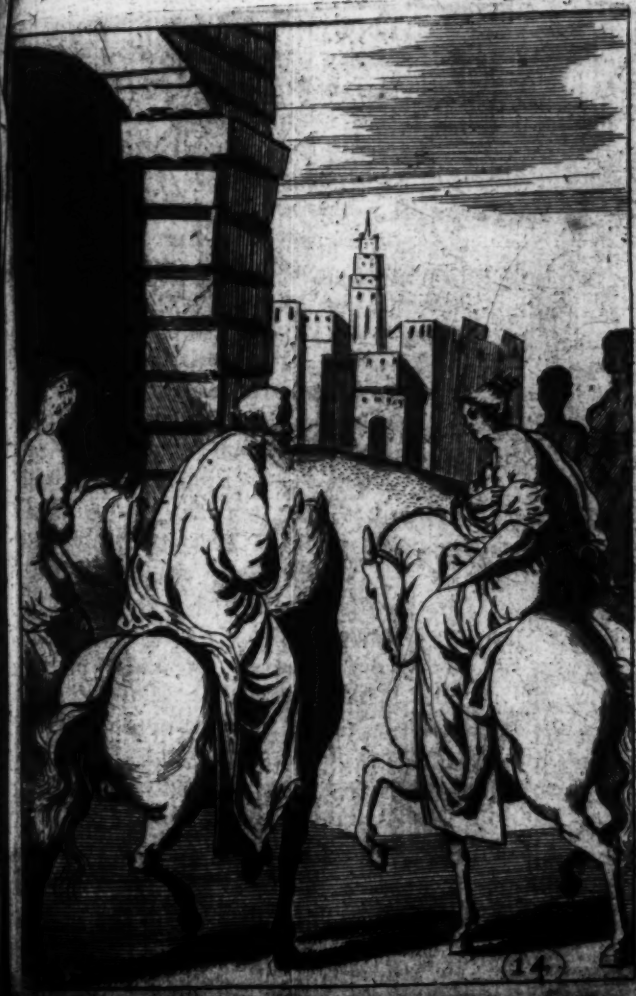
Thither

(13) Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joyes, could take; or who would ſtrive
T'expreſſe a welcome to the life, could give.
His richly furniſht Table more expreſt
A common bounty, then a curious feaſt;
Whereat the choice of precious wines were proffer'd
In liberall ſort; not urg'd, but freely offer'd:
The careful ſervants did attend the room:
No need to bid them either goe or come:
Each knew his place, his office, and could ſpie
His Maſters pleaſure in his maſters eye.
But what can reliſh pleaſing to a taſte
That is diſtemper'd? Can a ſweet repaſt
Pleaſe a ſick palate? No there's no content
Can enter *Argalus*, whoſe ſoule is bent
To tire on his own thoughts: *Kalanders* love
(That other times would raviſh) cannot move
That fixed heart, which paſſion now incites
T'abjure all pleaſures, and forſweare delights.
It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander and his noble gueſts, intending
T'exchange their pleaſures in the open air,
A Meſſenger came in, and did repaire
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
Of his imployment, was to recommend
A noble Lady to him (near alli'd
To fair Queene *Hellen*) whoſe unskilfull guide

Had ſo miſ-led, that ſhe does make requeſt,
This night to be his bold and unknown gueſt:
And by his help to be inform'd the way,
To finde to morrow, what ſhe loſt to day.
Kalander (the extent of whoſe ambition
Was to expreſſe the bounteons diſpoſition
Of a free heart, as glad of ſuch occaſion
To entertain) return'd the ſalutation
Of an unknown ſervant; and withall profeſt
A promis'd welcome to ſo fair a gueſt.
Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
(All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends
His thoughts to private uſes, and confines
Hts ſecret fancy to his own deſigins)
Mounting their praunſing Steeds, to give a meeting
To his fair gueſt: they met, but at firſt greeting.

(14) *Kalander* ſtood amaz'd, (for he ſuppos'd
It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts diſclos'd:
Madam (ſaid he) *if theſe mine aged eyes*
Retain that wonted ſtrength, which age denyes
To many of my years, I ſhould be bold
(In viewing you) to ſay, I do behold
My Neece Partheniaes *face: Nor can I be*
Perſwaded (by your leave) but you are ſhe.
Thrice noble Sir (ſhe thus repli'd) *your tongue*
(Perchance) hath done the fair Parthenia *wrong,*
In your miſtake, and too much honor'd me,
That (in my judgment) was more fit to be

Her



Her foil, then picture; yet hath many an eye
Given the like ſentence, ſhe not being by;
Nay, more: I have been told that my own mother
Fail'd often to diſtinguiſh t'one from t'other.
Said then *Kalander*: *If my raſh conceit*
Hath made a fault, mine error ſhall await
Vpon your gratious pardon: I alone
Was not deceiv'd; for never any one
That view'd Partheniaes *viſage, but would make*
As great an error by as great miſtake.
But (Madam) for her ſake, and for your own,
[Whoſe worth may challenge to it ſelf alone,
More ſervice then Kalander *can expreſſe)*
T'are truly welcome. Enter, and poſſeſſe
This Caſtle *as your own; which can be bleſt*
In nothing more, then in ſo fair a gueſt.
Whereto the Lady [entring] thus repli'd:
Let everlaſting joyes be multipli'd
Within theſe gentle gates, and let them ſtand
As laſting monuments in th' Arcadian *land,*
Of rare and bounteous hoſpitality
To after times. Let ſtrangers paſſing by
Bleſſe there ſucceeding heirs as ſhall deſcend
From ſuch a Lord, from ſuch a noble Friend.
When as a little reſpite had repair'd
Her weary limbs, which travell had impair'd,
The freeneſſe of occaſion did preſent
New ſubjects to diſcourſe; wherein they ſpent
No little time: among the reſt, befel
Kalander [often ſtopt with tears] to tell
Of *Argalus* and loſt *Partheniaes* love,
Whoſe undiſſembled paſſion did move

A generall grief; the more that they attended
To his ſad tale, the more they wiſht it ended.
Madam (ſaid he) *although your viſage be*
Like hers, yet may your fortunes diſagree;
Poor girle: and as he ſpake that word, his eyes
Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.
My ſoul doth ſuffer for Partheniaes *ſake*:
But tell me Sir, Did Argalus *forſake*
His poor Parthenia *whom he lov'd ſo dear?*
How hath he ſpent his days ere ſince? and where?
Madam (ſaid he) *when as their marriage day*
Drew near; miſchief, that now was bent to play
Vpon the ſtage, her ſtudied maſter-prize,
With ugly leproſie did ſo diſguiſe
Her beautious face, that ſhe became a terror
To her own ſelfe: *But* Argalus *the mirror*
Of trueſt conſtancy, (whoſe loyal heart,
Not guided by his eyes, diſdain'd to ſtart
From his paſt vows) did in deſpight of fortune,
Purſue his fixt deſires, and importune
Th' intended marriage ne'rtheleſſe; but ſhe
Whom reaſon now had taught to diſagree
With her diſtracted thoughts, ſtands deaf and mute,
And at the laſt, t'avoid his further ſute:
Not making any private to her flight
She quits the houſe, and ſteals away by night:
But Madam, when as Argalus *perceiv'd*
That ſhe was fled, and being quite bereav'd
Of his loſt hope, poor Lover, he aſſayes
By toylſome pilgrimage to end his dayes;
Or finde her out: *Now 'twice ſix moneths have run*
Their tedious courſes, ſince he firſt begun

His fruitleſſe iourney, ranging far and near,
Suffering as many ſorrows, as a year
Could ſend; and made by the extreams of weather,
Vnapt for travell; fortune brought him hither,
Where he as yet remains, till time ſhall make
His waſted body fit to under take
His diſcontinued progreſſe, and renew
His great inqueſt for her, who at firſt view,
Madam you ſeem'd to be.
So ſaid, the Lady, from whoſe tender eyes
Some drops did ſlide, whoſe heart did ſympathize
With both their ſorrows; ſaid, *And is there then*
Such unexpected conſtancy in men?
Moſt Noble Sir;
If the too raſh deſires of a ſtranger
May be deſpenc'd withal without the danger
Of too great boldneſſe, I ſhould make requeſt
To ſee this noble Lord, in whoſe rare breſt
(By your report) more honor doth reſide,
Then in all Greece; *nay all the world beſide:*
I have a meſſage to him: and am loath
To do it, were I not ingag'd by oath.
Whereat *Kalander* not in breath, but action,
Applies himſelfe to give a ſatisfaction
To her propounded wiſh: protraction waſtes
No time, but up to *Argalus* he haſtes:

(15) *Argalus* comes down, and after ſalutation
Given and receiv'd, ſhe accoſts him on this fathion:

My

My Noble Lord,
Whereas the loud reſounding trump of Fame
Hath nois'd your worth, and gloriſi'd your name
Above all others, let your goodneſſe now
Make good that fair report; that I may know
By true experience, what my joyfull ear
Had but, as yet, the happineſſe to hear,
And if the frailty of a womans wit
May chance t'offend; be noble, and remit.
Then know (moſt noble Lord) my native place,
Is Corinth; *of the ſelf-ſame blood and race*
With fair Queen Hellen, *in whoſe Princely Court*
I had my birth, my breeding; to be ſhort,
Thither, not many days ago, there came
Diſguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
The rare Parthenia, *ſo in ſhape tranſform'd,*
In feature altered, and in face deform'd
That (in my judgment) all this Region could
Not ſhew a thing more ugly to behold.
Long was it ere her oft repeated vows
And ſolemn proteſtations could rouze
My over dull belief: till, at the laſt,
Some paſſages, that heretofore had paſt
In ſecret 'twixt Parthenia *and me,*
Gave full aſſurance 't could be none but ſhe;
Abundant welcom (as a ſoul ſo ſad
As mine, and hers, could give or take) ſhe had:
So like we were in face, in ſpeech, in growth,
That whoſoever ſaw the one, ſaw both;
Yet were we not alike in our complexions
So much, as in our loves, in our affections:
One ſorrow ſerv'd us both, and one relief

Could

Could eaſe us both, but partners in one grief:
Much private time we joyntly ſpent: and neither
Could find a true content, if not together.
The ſtrange occurrents of her dire misfortune
She oft diſcourſt, which ſtrongly did importune
A world of tears from theſe ſuffuſed eyes,
The true partakers of her miſeries.
And as ſhe ſpake, the accent of her ſtory
Would alwaies point upon th' eternal glory
Of your rare conſtancy, which whoſoere
In after ages ſhall preſume to hear
And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
A rebel to all vertue, and (defam'd
In his beſt actions) let his leprous name
Or die diſhonor'd, or ſurvive with ſhame.
But ah! what Simples *can the hand of art*
Finde out to ſtanch a lovers bleeding heart?
Or what (alas) can humane skil apply
To turn the courſe of loves Phlebotomy?
Love is a ſecret fire, inſpir'd, and blown
By fate, which wanting hopes do feed upon,
Works on the very ſoule, and does torment
The univerſe of man: which being ſpent
And waſted in the conflict, often ſhrinks
Beneath the burthen: and ſo conquer'd, ſinks:
All which your poor Parthenia *knew too well,*
Whoſe bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell
Th' imperious fury of extreame deſpair,
She languiſht: and not able to contraire
The will of her victorious paſſion; tryed,
My deareſt Argalus *farewel, and died:*
My Lord, not long before her lateſt breath

Had freely paid the full arrears to death,
She call'd me to her; In her dying hand
She ſtrained mine, whilſt in her eyes did ſtand
A ſhowre of tears, unwept, and in mine ear
She whiſper'd ſo, as all the room might hear:
Siſter (ſaid ſhe) *(That title paſt be tweene us*
Not undeſerv'd; for, all that eve had ſeen us
Miſtook us ſo, at leaſt) the lateſt ſand
Of my ſpent hower-glaſſe is now at hand:
Thoſe joyes, which heauen appointed out for me,
I here bequeath to be poſſeſt by thee;
And when ſweet death ſhall clariſie my thoughts,
And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,
Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being ſo refin'd
From all their droſſe) full fraught thy conſtant mind:
And let thy proſp'rous voyage be addreſt
To the fair port of Argalus *his breſt,*
As whom the eye of noon did ne'r diſcover
So loyal, ſo renown'd, ſo rare a lover;
Caſt anchor there; for by his dying breath,
Nothing can pleaſe my ſoule more, after death,
And make my joyes more perfect, then to ſee
A marriage 'twixt my Argalus *and thee;*
This Ring the pledg betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gave me, I make thine:
With it unto thy faithfull heart I tender
My ſacred vows: with it I here ſurrender
All right and title that I had or have
In ſuch a bleſſing, as I now muſt leave;
Go to him, and conjure him in my name,
What love he bare to me, the very ſame
That he transfer on thee: take no denial,

Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal;
And as she spake that word, her voice did alter;
Her breath grew cold, her speech began to faulter?
Fain would she utter more, but her spent tongue
(Not able to goe further) fail'd, and clung
To her dry roofe. A while, as in a trance,
She lay, and on a suddain did advance
Her forced language to the height, and cryed,
Farewel my deareſt *Argalus*, *and died.*
And now, my Lord, although this office be
Vnſutable to my ſex, and diſagree
Too much, perchance with the too mean condition
Of my poor ſtate, more like to find deriſion
Then ſatisfaction; yet my gratious Lord,
Extr'ordinary merits do afford
Extr'ordinary means, and can excuſe
The breach of cuſtome, or the common uſe:
Wherefore incited by the dear directions
Of dead Parthenia, *by my own affections,*
And by the exc'lence of your high deſert,
I here preſent you with a faithfull heart,
A heart, to you devoted; which aſſures
It ſelf no happineſſe, but in being yours.
Pardon my boldneſſe, they that ſhall reprove
This, as a fault, reprove a fault in love:
And why ſhould cuſtome do our Sex that wrong,
To take away the priviledge of our tongue?
If nature give us freedome, to affect,
Why then ſhould cuſtome bar us to detect
The gift of nature? ſhe that is in paine,
Hath a ſufficient warrant to complaine.
Then give me leave (my Lord) to reinforce

A virgins ſuit, and(thinking ne'r the worſe
Of proffer'd love)let my deſires thrive,
And freely accept,what I ſo freely give.
So ending, ſilence did inlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention)to hear
His gratious words: But *Argalus* whoſe paſsion
Had put his amorous Courtſhip out of faſhion,
Return'd no anſwer,till his tickling eyes
Had given an earneſt of ſuch obſequies,
As his adjourned ſorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy;true grief abhors the light;
Who grieves without a witneſſe grieves aright.
His pasion thus ſuſpended for a while,
(And yet not ſo, but that it did recoile
Strong ſighs)he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies:

Madam,
Your no leſſe rare, then noble favors ſhow
How much you merit, and how much I ow
Your great deſert, which claims more thankfulneſſe
Then ſuch a dearth of language can expreſſe:
But moſt of all, I ſtand for ever bound
To that your goodneſſe, my Parthenia *found*
In her diſtreſſe, for which reſpect (in duty
As I am ty'd)poor Argalus *ſhall repute ye*
The flower of noble curteſie,and proclaim
Your high deſervings. Lady, as I am,
A poor unhappy wretch,the very ſcorn
Of all proſperity,diſtreſſe,forlorn,
Vnworthy the leaſt favor you can give,
I am your ſlave,your Beadſman will I live;

But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I ſee how much it would redound
To my great happineſſe, yet Heaven knows
(Moſt exc'llent Lady) I cannot diſpoſe
Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do
What elſe you needed not perſwade me to;
For truſt me, were this heart of mine, mine own,
To carve according to my pleaſure, none
But you ſhould challenge it; but while I live,
It is Partheniaes, *and not mine to give.*

Whereunto ſhe thus replies: *Moſt noble Sir,*
Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
Hath now returned you your heart againe,
Diſſolv'd your vows, diſtink't that ſacred chain,
Which ty'd your ſouls: nay more, her dying breath
Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
Is grown a debt that you are bound to pay:
Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
The longer time her ſoule is diſpoſſeſt
(And by your means) of her deſired reſt.

Whereto the poor diſtreſſed *Argalus*
Pauſing awhile, return'd his anſwer thus.

Incomparable Lady,
When firſt of all, by heavens divine directions,
We lov'd, we lik't, we linkt our dear affections,
And with the ſolemn power of an oath,
In preſence of the better Gods, we both,
Exchang'd our hearts: in witneſſe of which thing,
I gave, and ſhe receiv'd this dear Ring,
Which now you weare: by which ſhe did reſigne
Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.
Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,

My

My exchang'd heart is not mine own, but hers:
Which if it had the power to ſurvive,
She being dead, what heart have I to give?
Or if that heart expired in her death,
what heart had ſhe (poor Lady!) to bequeath?
Madam, in her, began my dear affection;
In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;
In her it joy'd; although but ill befriended
By fate; in her begun, in her it ended.
If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd
Partheniaes *beauty, I had ſoon been mov'd*
To moderate my ſorrows, and to place
That love on you, that have Partheniaes *face;*
But 'twas Partheniaes *ſelf I lov'd, and love;*
Which as no time hath power to remove
From my fixt heart, ſo nothing can diminiſh,
No fortune can diſſolve, no death can finiſh.
With mingled frowns and ſmiles ſhe thus reply'd
Half in a rage, *And muſt I be deny'd?*
Are theſe the noble favors I expected?
To finde diſgrace? and go away rejected?
Moſt noble Lady, if my words (ſaid he)
Sute not your expectation, let them be
Imputed to the miſery of my ſtate,
Which makes my lips to ſpeake they know not what?
Miſtake not him, that onely ſtudies how
With moſt advantage ſtill to honor you.
Alas! what joyes I ever did receive
From fortune, 's buried in Partheniaes *grave,*
With whom, ere long, (nor are my hopes in vaine)
I hope to meet, and never part againe.

(16)

(16) So ſaid, with more then Eagle-winged haſt
She flew into his boſome, and imbrac'd
In her croſ'd arms, his ſorrow waſted was;
Surcharg'd with joy, ſhe wept, not having power
To ſpeak. Have you beheld an *April* ſhower
Send downe her haſty bubbles, and then ſtops,
Then ſtorms afreſh, through whoſe tranſparent drops
The unobſcured Lamp of Heaven convayes
The brighter glory of his refulgent rayes:
Even ſo, with her bluſhing cheeks reſided
A mixt aſpect, 'twixt ſmiles and tears divided:
So even divided, no man could ſay, whether
She wept, or ſmil'd, ſhe ſmil'd and wept together;
She held him faſt, and like a fainting lover,
Whoſe paſsion now had licence to diſcover
Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me:*
Take, take thy own Parthenia (ſaid ſhe)
Chear up! my Argalus, *theſe words of mine*
Are thy Partheniaes, *as* Parthenia's *thine;*
Beleeve it (Love) *theſe are not falſe alarms,*
Thou haſt thine own Parthenia *in thine arms.*

Like as a man whoſe hourly wants implore
Each meals relief, trudging from dore to dore
That hears no dialect from churliſh lips,
But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
Takes up (perchance) ſome unexpected treaſure,
New loſt; departs, and joyfull beyond meaſure,
Is ſo tranſported, that he ſcarce beleeves
So great a truth, and what his eye perceives, Not

Not daring truſt, but fears it is ſome viſion,
Or flattering dream, deſerving but deriſion;
So *Argalus* amazed at the news
Fain would beleeve, but daring not abuſe
His eaſie faith too ſoon; for fear his heart
Should ſurfeit on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
Where ſtop't by paſsion, falling on his knees,
He thus began; *O you eternall powers,*
That have the guidance of theſe ſouls of ours,
Who by your juſt prerogative can do
What is a ſin for man to dive into:
Whoſe undiſcover'd actions are too high
For thought: too deep for mans t'inquire: why?
Delude not theſe mine eyes with the falſe ſhow
Of ſuch a joy, as I muſt never know
But in a dream; or if a dream it be,
O let me never wake againe, to ſee
My ſelf deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t' enioy
A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.
Much more he ſpake to this effect, which ended,
He bleſt himſelf, and (with a ſigh) unbended
His aking knees; and riſing from the ground,
He caſt his rouling eyes about, and found
The room avoided, and himſelf alone;
The door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
His new diſtemper'd paſsion grew extreame:
I knew, I knew, (ſaid he) *'twas but a dream;*
A minuts joy, a flaſh, a flattering bubble
Blown by the fancy, full of pleaſing trouble;
Which waking breaks, and empties into air,
And breaths into my ſoul a freſh deſpair.

I knew it was nothing but a golden dream,
Which(waking)makes my wants the more extream:
I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
A bliſs which(waking) I ſhould ne'r enjoy.
My dear Parthenia *tell me, where, O where*
Art thou, that ſo deludeſt mine eye, mine ear?
O that my weakned fancy had the might
To repreſent unto my real ſight
What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
Might ſurfeit with exceſſe of joy, and die.
With that, the fair *Parthenia*(whoſe deſire
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;
And by a well adviſed courſe to ſmother
The fury of one paſsion with another)
Stept in, and ſaid, *Then* Argalus *take thou*
Thy true Parthenia: *thou dream'ſt not now;*
Behold this Ring, *whoſe Motto does impart*
The conſtancy of our divided heart:
Behold theſe eyes, that for thy ſake have vented
A world of tears, unpitied, unlamented:
Behold this face, that had, of late, the power
To curſe all beauty, yet it ſelf ſecure:
Witneſſe that Tapor, *whoſe prophetick ſnuff*
Was outed and revived with one puff:
And that my words may whet thy dull belief,
'Twas I, that roar'd beneath the ſcourge of grief,
When thou didſt curſe the darkneſſe, for concealing
My face; and then the Tapor *for revealing*
So foul a face; 'twas I, that, overcome
With violent deſpair, ſtood deaf and dumb
To all thy urg'd perſwaſions: it was I,
That in thy abſence, did reſolve to die

A wandring Pilgrim, truſting to be led
By fortune, to my Death; and therefore fled.
But ſee! the powers above can worke their ends,
In ſpight of mortals: and what man intends,
The Heavens diſpoſe, and order the event:
For when my thoughts were deſperately bent
To mine own ruine, I was led by fate
(Through dangers, now too tedious to relate)
To fair Queene Hellens *Court, not knowing whither*
My unadviſed ſteps were guided. Thither
My Genius brought me; where, unknown to any,
I mourn'd in ſilence, though obſerv'd by many:
Reliev'd by none; at length they did acquaint
The fair Queene Hellene *with my ſtrange complaint;*
Whoſe noble heart did truely ſympathize
With mine, partaking in my miſeries:
Who fill'd with pity, ſtrongly did importune
The wofull cauſe of my diſaſtrous fortune,
And never reſted till ſhe did enforce
Theſe lips t' acquaint her with the whole diſcourſe;
Which done, her gratious pleaſure did command
Her own Chirurgeon, to whoſe skilfull hand
She left my foul diſeaſe, who in the ſpace
Of twice ten dayes, reſtor'd me to this face:
The cure perfected, ſtraight ſhe ſent about
(Without my knowledg) to enquire out
That party, for whoſe ſake I was contented
T' endure ſuch grief with patience, unrepented;
Hoping (ſince by her means, and help of art
My face was cur'd) even ſo to cure my heart.
But when the welcome meſſenger return'd
The place of thy bode, O how my ſpirits burn'd

To kiſſe her hands, and ſo to leave the Court:
But ſhe, (whoſe favors did tranſcend report
As much, as they exceeded my deſert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
With her poor handmaid; till at laſt, pretending
A lovers haſte, and freely apprehending
So juſt a cauſe of ſpeed; ſhe ſoon befriended
My beſt deſires, and ſent me thus attended:
Where (under a falſe maske) I laid this plot,
To ſee how ſoon my Argalus *had forgot*
His dead Parthenia; *but my bleſſed ear*
Hath heard, what few or none muſt hope to hear:
Now farewell ſorrow, and let old deſpair
Go ſeek new breſts: let miſchief never dare
Attempt our hearts: let Argalus *enjoy*
His true Parthenia; *let* Partheniaes *joy*
Revive in him; let each be bleſt in either,
And bleſt be heaven, that brought us both together.

With that, the wel-nigh broken hearted lover,
Raviſh'd with over joy, did thus diſcover
His long pent words: *And do this eyes once more*
Behold what their extreame deſpaire gave ore
To hope for? Do theſe wretched eyes attain
The happineſſe to ſee this face again?
And is there ſo much happineſſe yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power t'enjoy, what Heaven hath power to give?
Breathes my Parthenia? *Does* Parthenia *live?*

Who ever ſaw the Pole-affecting ſtone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown
To our confin'd and darkned reaſon) draw
The neighboring ſteel, which by the mutuall law

Of Natures ſecret working, ſtrives as much
To be attracted, till they joyn and touch;
Even ſo theſe greedy lovers meet, and charms
Each other ſtrongly in each others arms;
Even ſo they meet; and with unbounded meaſure
Of true content, and time-beguiling pleaſure
Enjoy each other with a world of kiſſes,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly bliſſes;
Where for a while I leave them to receive,
What pleaſures new-met Lovers uſe to have.
Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
Abuſe our Scene: Let not the ſtander by
Corrupt our lines, or make an obſcean gloſs
Upon our ſober text, and mixe his droſs
With our refined Gold, extracting ſowre
From ſweet; and poyſon from ſo fair a flowre.
Correct your wandring thoughts, and do not fear
To think the beſt: Here is no *Tarquine* here,
No luſtful, no inſatiate *Meſſaline*,
Who thought it gaine ſufficient to reſign
An age of honor, for a night of pleaſure;
Whoſe ſtrength to endure luſt, was the juſt meaſure
Of her aduſt deſire: Ye need not fear
Our private lovers, who eſteem leſſe dear
Their lives then honors, daring not to doe
But what, unſham'd, the Sun may pry into.
If any itching ears deſire to know
What ſecret conf'rence paſt betwixt theſe two,
To them my muſe thus anſwers: *When your caſe*
Shall prove the like, ſhe wills you to embrace
True honour, as theſe noble Lovers did,
And you ſhall know; Till then you are forbid

To enquire further: Onely this ſhe pleaſes
To let you underſtand, that loves diſeaſes
Being throughly cured by their meeting, they
Have once again prefixt a *Marriage day*;
Which that it might ſucceed with fairer fortune,
Readers ſhe moves your pleaſures to importune
The better gods, *That they would pleaſe t'appay*
Their griefes with joy, and ſmile upon that day.

Argalus and *Parthenia*.

The Third Book.

WHen ſturdy *Marches* ſtorms are overblown,
And *Aprils* gentle ſhowres are ſliden down,
To cloſe the wind-chapt Earth, ſucceeding *May*
Enters her mouth, whoſe early breaking day
Calls Ladies from their eaſie beds to view
Sweet *Maia*'s pride, and the diſcolour'd hiew
Of dewy-breſted *Flora*, in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes; wherewith to be poſſeſt,
Untill it fade, and wither in her breſt.
Now ſmooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder ſmiles
Viſits the banks of his beloved *Iles*;
Eolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold
Their ful-mouth'd blaſts, that breathleſs are controld

Each

Each one retires, and ſhrinks into his ſeat,
And Sea-green *Triton* ſounds a ſhrill retreat:
And thus at length, our *Pinace* is paſt ore
The bar, and rides before the *Maiden-towre*.
Up, now in earneſt (voyagers) and ſtand ye
On your faint legs. Our *Long boat* ſtraight ſhall land ye.
Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes
From your paſt dangers, to your preſent prize:
You traffick not for toyes: The gods have ſet
No other price to things of price, but *ſweat*.
Chear up; call home your Hearts, and be advis'd,
Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd:
You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
Was not to compaſſe the almighty gravel
Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballaſt your eſtates;
'Twas not for blaſts of *Honor*, whoſe poor dates
Depend on regal ſmiles, and have no meaſures,
But Monarch's *wills*, expiring with their pleaſures:
'Twas not to conquer Kingdomes, or obtain
The dangerous title of a *Soveraign*:
Theſe are poor things: It is but falſe diſcretion
To toyl, where hopes are ſweeter then poſſeſſion:
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
True Honor, *Vertue*, *Beauty*, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend;
And Heaven hath brought our voyage to an end.
Hail noble *Argalus*; now the *Cockboat* ſtands
Secure, ſtep forth; ſpread forth thy widened hands,
And take thy faireſt *Bride* into thine arms:
Strike up (brave ſpirit) *Cupids* freſh alarms
Upon her melting lips: Take *Toll*, before
Thou ſet her dainty foot upon the ſhore;

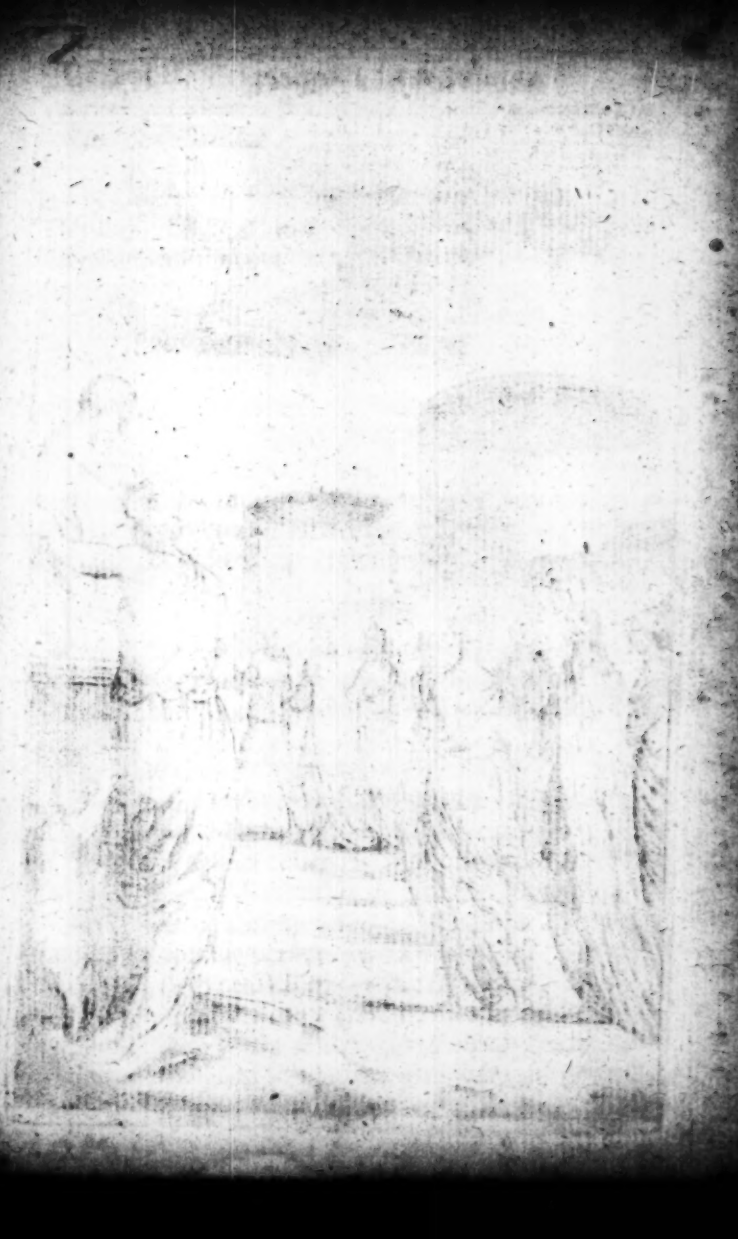
So

So let her ſlide upon thy gentle breſt,
And feele the ground: Then lead her to her reſt.
Go Imps of honor, let the morning Sun
Gild your delights, and ſpend his beams upon
Your marriage Triumphs; let his Weſtern light
Decline apace, and make an early night.
Go, *Turtles*, go, let treble joyes betide
The faithfull *Bridegroom*, and his faireſt bride:
Let your own vertues light you to your reſt;
To morrow come we to your nuptiall feaſt.
By this the curl'd pate *Waggoner* of heaven
Had finiſht his diurnall courſe, and driven
His panting Steeds a down the weſtern *hill*,
When ſilver *Cynthia*, riſing to fulfill
Her nightly courſe, lets fall an evening tear,
To ſee her brother leave the *Hemiſphere*,
Which by the air diſpers'd, is early found
(And call'd a *pearly dew*) upon the ground:
Still as the night, no language did moleſt
The waking ear; all mortalls were at reſt:
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The Aſpine-leaf, or urge th'aſpiring ſmoke;
Sweet was the air, and clear; no Star was hid;
No envious cloud was ſtirring, to forbid
The wilde Aſtronomer to gaze and look
Into the ſecrets of his ſpangled book;
Whilſt round about, in each reſounding grove,
(As if the *Choriſters* of night had ſtrove
T'excel) the warbling *Philomele* compares
And vies by turns her *Polypholian* airs.
And now the horn-mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had ſent his midnight ſummons to invite

Nights

Nights ravenous rebels from their ſecret holds
To rome and viſit the ſecurer folds;
Whil'ſt drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes
Locks up the ſhepherds eye-lids, and betrayes
The ſcatter'd flocks; which lie like ſacrifices
Expecting fire when the Sun-god riſes.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empreſſe* of the night
Had re-ſurrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world ſhe now retires,
Attended with her train of leſſer fires,
And early *Heſper* ſhoots his golden head,
To uſher *Titan* from his purple bed;
The gray-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin
To open his Eaſtern portals, and let in
The new born day; who having lately hurld
The ſhades of night into the lower world,
The dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold;
And from the pillow of his *Crocean* bed,
Don *Phœbus* rouzes his refulgent head;
That with his all-diſcerning eye ſurvayes
And gilds the mountains with his morning rayes.
Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whoſe laſt night
Had made her ſhades, too long) ſalutes the light,
Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
Shall crown his heart with joyes, beyond the ſtrength
Of mortall language, whoſe religious fires
Shall light thoſe Lovers to their wiſht deſires.
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
T' enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds:
Enter thoſe joyes, from whence all joy proceeds:
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy nuptial weeds.

And



And thou fair *bride*, more beauteous then the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
Awake and rouze thee from thy downy ſlumber:
Thy *Day* is come: O may thy joyes out number
Thy minutes that are paſt, and do enſue;
Ariſe, and bid thy Maiden bed adieu;
Put on thy Nuptiall robes, time calls away;
O may thy after days belike this day.

(17) By this, bright *Phœbus* with redoubled glory,
Had halfe way mounted to the higheſt ſtory
Of his *Olympick palace*: there to ſee
This long expected dayes ſolemnity:
When all on ſudden, there was heard (around
From every quarter) the Majeſticke ſound
Of many Trumpets: all, in conſort running
One point of War, tranſcending far the cunning
Of mortal blaſts; and, what did ſeem more ſtrange,
The ſhrill-mouth'd muſick did as ſudden change
To *Doricke* ſtrains, to ſweet mollitious airs,
To *Lyrick* ſongs, and voices like to theirs
That charm'd *Vlyſſes*: whilſt th'amazed ear
Stood raviſht at theſe changes, it might hear
Thoſe voices, (by degrees) tranſform'd to *Lutes*,
To *Shalms*, deepe throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And eccho-forcing cornets; which ſurpaſt
The art of man: this *Harmony* did laſt
Vntil the *bridegroom* came: but all men wondred
To hear the noyſe: Some thought the Heavens had
To a new tune; and ſome more wiſer ears (thundred

Conceiv'd it was the *Muſick of the Sphears*:
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear;
But none knew whence the *Muſick* was, or where,
Forthwith, as if a ſecond *Sun* had roſe,
And ſtrove with greater brightneſſe, to depoſe
The glory of the firſt, the *Bridegroom* came,
Uſher'd along with Eagle-winged *fame*,
Whoſe twice five hundred mouths did at one blaſt
Inſpire a thouſand *Trumpets*, as he paſt:
His Nuptial veſture was of Scarlet *die*,
So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
To gaze upon't; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A riſing *Sun*, imboſt with pureſt Gold:
From whence ten thouſand *trails* of gold came down
In waving points, like *Sun-beams* from that Sun:
Thus from his chamber 'midſt the vulgar croud
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridgroom* came, and paſt
Th'amazed multitude; till, at the laſt,
His Herald brought him to the *Hall of ſtate*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
To welcome his approach, and to diſcharge
The lower volley of their joyes at large:
The Hall was ſpatious, lightſome, and beſtrow'd
With *Flora's* wealth, (a bounty that ſhe ow'd
This glorious feaſt) the walls were richly clad
With curious *Tap'ſtry*, (ſuch as *Greece* ne'r had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour 'd ſilk and Gold,

This

This preſent ſtory of theſe peerleſſe Lovers,
Which like a ſilent Chronicle, diſcovers
The ſeverall paſſages that did befall
'Twixt their firſt meeting, and their Nuptial;
Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
Preſented to this *Triumph*, as a *Peece*
Devoted to the memory and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Partheniaes* name;
No ſooner was the Ceremony ended
(Wherein each noble ſpirit more contended
T' expreſſe affection, then affect the expreſſion
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profeſsion
Of airy friendſhip) but a ſuddain ſhout
Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout
The ſpatious *Caſtle*, which confus'dly cry'd,
Joy to Parthenia, to the faireſt Bride.
Forthwith (as if that heaven had broken looſe,
And *Deitses* had meant to enterpoſe
Their heavenly bodies, with the mortal tribe
Of men; or elſe, intending to aſcribe
Their pers'nal honor to this Nuptiall)
In more then princely ſtate, enters the *hall*
A glorious ſhew of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and coſtly robes, and richly laid
With Gems unvalued; and each Lady wore
A ſcarfe upon her arm, embroidred ore
With *Gold* and *Pearl*; thus hand in hand they paſt
Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did caſt
A backward look, as if their thoughts did minde,
Some greater glory, comming on behinde:
Next after them, came in the *Virgin Crew*
In milke white robes (Virgins that never knew

The ſacred myſt'ries of the marriage bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*
Ere lent a thought to nuptial joyes till now)
Thus paſt theſe buds of nature, two by two,
Their long diſhevelled treſſes dangled down
With careleſſe Art, and on each head a crown
Of Golden *Lawrel* ſtood: their faces ſhrowded
Beneath a vail, ſeem'd as the ſtars were clouded.
Have ye beheld in froſty Winters even,
When all the leſſer twinkling *Lamps* of Heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of riſing *Cynthia* looks? with what a grace
She views the throne of darkneſſe, and aſpires
Th' *Olympick* brow, amidſt the ſmaller fires?
So after all theſe *ſparks* of beauty came
(They were but ſparks to ſuch a glorious flame)
The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the roſe-cheek'd *Bride*
Enters the room; a milke-white *vail* did hide
Her bluſhing face, which ne'rtheleſſe diſcloſes
Some glimps of red, like *Lawn* ore-ſpreading *Roſes*;
Thus entred ſhe. The Garments that ſhe wore
VVere made of purple ſilke, beſpangled ore
VVith *Stars* of pureſt Gold, and round about
Each ſeverall *Star* went, winding in and out,
A *trail* of Orient *Pearl*, ſo rarely wrought,
That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
The *Stars* had twinkled; her diſhevelled hair
Hung down behind, as if the onely care
Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*,
Hung looſely down; and vail'd the backer part
Of thoſe her Sky-reſembling Robes; but ſo,
That every breath would wave it to and fro,

Like

Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another:
Thus on she went; her ample train supported
By thrice three Virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted
In purple robes: forthwith, the *Bride-groom* rises
From off his chair; bows down and sacrifices
The peacefull offering of a morning kisse
Upon her lips: *To such a* Saint *as this,*
O, what rebellious heart could chuse but bow,
And offer freely the perpetual vow
Of choice obedience?
With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
And with a posture, full of princely grace,
Salutes the lovely *bride*, with words, expressing
The joyfull model of a Kingdomes blessing.
But hark! The *Hymenean Trumpet* sends
Her latest summons forth: *Hymen* attends
The noble pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands; the sacred *Altars* smoke
With *Myrrh* and *Frankinsence*, the wayes are strow'd
With *Flora*'s pride; and the expecting crowd
Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye
Attends to see the *Triumph* passing by.
At length the gates flew open: on this fashion
Began the triumph: first a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voice: *If any be*
Or Lord, or Knight, or whatso'er degree,
Professing Arms or Honor in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Partheniaes *heart, or claim*
A right, or interest in her love or name;
Let him come forth in person; or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here:

And

And by the excellent honor of a Knight,
He ſhall receive ſuch honorable right
As the juſt ſword can give; let him now come
And ſpeak, or elſe, for ever more be dumb.

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there came
True honors Eagle winged Herald, Fame;
Sounding a ſilver Trump; and as ſhe paſt
She ſhook the earths foundation, with her blaſt:
Next after whom in undiſſembled ſtate
The *Bridegroom* came: on his right hand did waite
The god of war in martial robes of green,
All ſtain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from every wound
Freſh blood did ſeem to trickle on the ground:
And as the garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would ſeem to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the *Bridegrooms* left hand there attended
Heavens Purſivant, whoſe brawny arms extended
A winged *Caduce*; he had ſcarce the might
To curb his feet; his feet were wing'd for flight:
Above his head their hands did joyntly hold
A Crimſon *Canopy* emboſt with Gold.
Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whoſe names the world had hal-low'd
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights,
Whoſe bloods had ranſom'd, and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: Theſe were all aray'd
In robes of *Needle-worke*, ſo rarely made,
That he which ſees them, thinks he doth behold
Armors of ſteel, fair filletted with Gold;
And as they marcht, their *Squires* did advance
Before each Knight his warlicke *Shield* and *Lance*.

And

And after theſe, the Princely *Virgin Bride*
On whom all eyes were faſtned, did divide
Her gentle paces, being lead between
Two *Godeſſes*, the one aray'd in green,
On which the curious needle undertook
To make a forreſt: here, a bubling brooke
Divides two thickets: through the which doth flie
The ſingle *Deer*, before the deep mouth'd cry
That cloſely follows: there, th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the muſick, and afear'd
Of every ſhadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to ſtay, or where to goe:
Where, in a *Landskip*, you may ſee the *Faunes*
Following their crying mothers ore the *Lawns*:
The other was in robes, the purer die
Whereof did repreſent the mid-day skie
Full of *black clouds*; through which, the glorious *beams*
Of the victorious *Sun* appears, and ſeems
As 'twere to ſcatter; and at length, to ſhed
His brighter glory, on a fruitfull bed
Of noiſome weeds, from whence you might diſcerne
A thouſand painful *bees* extract and earn
Their ſweet proviſion: and, with laden thighs
To bear the waxy burthens: On this wiſe
The princely *Bride* was led betwixt theſe two,
The firſt, was ſhe, that on *Actæons* brow
Reveng'd her naked chaſtity: the other
Was ſhe, to whom *Joves* pregnant brain was mother
Through *Vulcans* help; and theſe did joyntly hold
Upon her head a *Coronet* of Gold:
Whoſe train *Diana*'s Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With Golden wreaths, ſupported from the ground.

Next

Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And ſtyl'd; *The Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with ſpots of red,
And every ſpot appeared as a ſtain
Of lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had ſlain:
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of *Primeroſes*, and *Roſes* not yet blown.
Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whoſe glory came not ſhort
Of what th'unlimited and ſtudied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To ſuch ſolemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and to b'excell'd of none.
Thus came they to the *Temple*, where attended
The ſacred *Prieſts*, whoſe voices recommended
The days ſucceſs to heaven, and did divide
A bleſsing 'twixt the *bridegroom*, and the *bride*;
Which done, and after low obeiſance made,
The firſt (while all the reſt kept ſilence) ſaid:
Welcome to Juno's *ſacred Courts*: *Draw neer*:
Vnſpotted Lovers, welcome: *do not fear*
To touch this holy ground; *paſs on ſecure*:
Our gates ſtand open to ſuch gueſts, as you are:
Our gratious Goddeſſe *grants your deſires*,
And hath accepted of thoſe holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleaſure
To ſmell your Incenſe, *in ſo great a meaſure*
Of true delight, that we are bold to ſay,
She crowns your vows, and ſmiles upon this day.
So ſaid, they bowed to the ground, and bleſt
Themſelves; that done, they ſingled from the reſt

The

The noble *Bridegroom*, and his *Princely Bride*,
And ſaid, *Our gratious Godd(ſſe be our guide,*
As we are yours: And as they ſpake that word,
Their well tun'd voices ſweetly did accord
With *Muſick* from the *Altar*: as a long
They paſt, they gently warbled out this ſong:

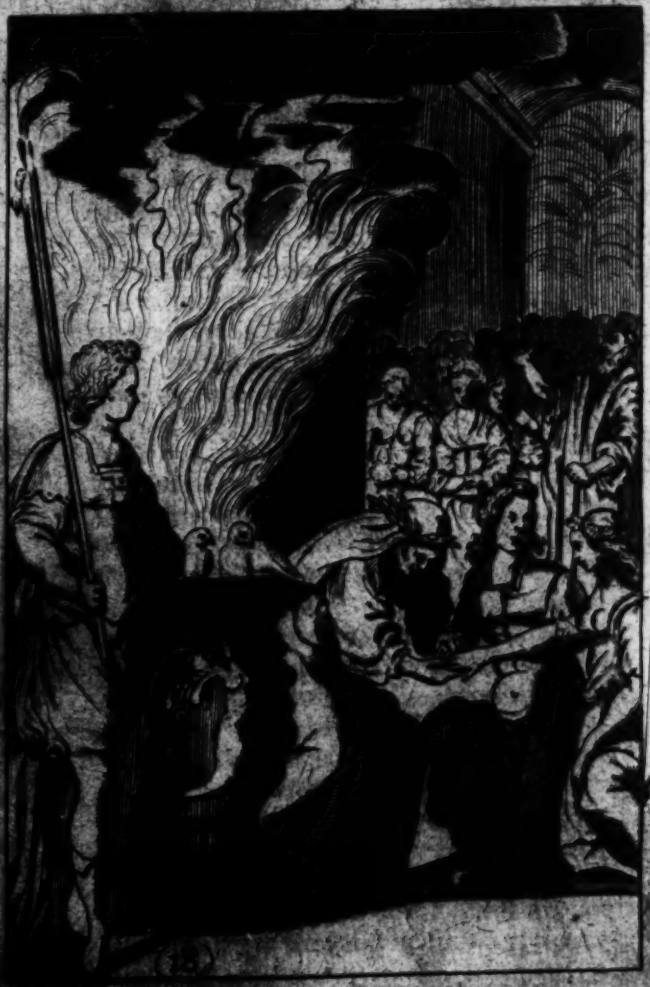
THus in pomp and prieſtly pride,
To glorious Juno's Altar *go we*;
Thus to Juno's Altar *ſhow we*;
The noble Bridegroom *and his* Bride:
Let Juno's *hourly bleſſings ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

May theſe Lovers never want
True joyes, nor ever beg in vain
Their choice deſires; but obtain
What they can wiſh, or ſhe can grant;
Let Juno's *hourly bleſſing ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

From ſatiety, from ſtrife,
From Jealouſie, domeſtick jars,
From thoſe blows, that leave no ſcars,
Juno *protect your marriage life,*
Let Juno's *hourly bleſſing ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to Hymens *ſacred hands,*
We commend your chaſte deſerts,
That as Juno *link't your hearts,*
So he would pleaſe to joyn your hands;
And let both their bleſſings ſend ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

No ſooner was this Nuptial *Carol* ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This princely pair (both proſtrate on the floore)
And with their hands preſented them before
The ſacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white *Turtles*; and with prayers beſought,
That *Juno*'s laſting favors would deſcend,
And make their pleaſures, pleaſures without end.
With that a horrid crack of dreadfull thunder,
Poſſeſt each trembling heart with fear and wonder,
The rafters of the holy Temples ſhooke,
As if accurſed *Archimago*'s book
(That curſed Legion) had been newly read:
The ground did tremble, and a miſt ore-ſpread
The darkned *Altar*.
At length, deep ſilence did poſſeſſe and fill
The ſpatious *Temple*: all was whiſt and ſtill.
When, from the cloudy *Altar*, brake the ſound
Of heavenly *Muſick*, ſuch as would confound
With death, or raviſhment, the earth-bred ear,
Had not the *Goddeſſe* given it ſtrength to bear
So ſtrong a rapture. As the *Muſick* ended,
The miſt on ſudden vaniſht, and aſcended
From whence it came. The *Altar* did appear,
And *aſhes* lying, where the *Turtles* were:
Neer which, great *Hymen* ſtood, not ſeen before;
His purple *Mantle* was imbroidred ore (behold
With *Crowns* of *Thorn*, 'mongſt which you might
Some, here and there, (but very few) of gold;
Upon each little ſpace, that did divide
The ſeverall crowns, a *Gordian* knot was tide;
And turning to the *Prieſt* he thus began:



What mean these fumes? Say, what hath mortal man
To do with us? what great request? what suit
Does now attend us, that they thus salute
Our nostrils, with such acceptable savors?
Tell us, wherein do they implore the favors
Of the pleas'd gods? for by the eternall throne
And Majesty of Heaven, it shall be done
Whereto, with bended knees, they thus replide;
Great god, this noble Bridegroom, and this Bride
Whom we, most humbly, here present before
Great Juno's *sacred* Altar, *do implore*
Your gratious aid; that with your nuptiall hands
Your grace would please to tye their promis'd hands:

(18) With that he straight descends the holy stairs,
And with his widened arms divides and shares
An equall blessing 'twixt them both, and said:

Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,
Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,
And hath granted your desires:
By the mystery of our power,
First, we consecrate this bower
To Juno's *name, that she would blesse*
Our prosp'rous actions with successe.
With this oyl (which we appoint
For holy uses) we annoynt
Your temples, and with nuptiall bands
Thus we firmely joyn your hands:

Be joyn'd for ever: and let none
Presume t'undo, what we have done;
Be joyn'd till lawlesse Death *shall sever*
Both hands and hearts: Be joyn'd for ever:
Eternall curses we allot
To those, till then, shall loose this knot.

So said, he blest them both in *Juno*'s name,
And from their sight he vanisht in a flame:
That done, they rose, and with new fumes saluted
The smoaking *Altar*: Thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, sending forth the well accepted sound
Of *thanks* and *vows*, from their divided heart,
They kisse the sacred *Altar*, and depart;
And, with the self-same *Triumph* as they came,
Return'd; whilst the louder *Trump* of Fame
With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
Whose richly furnisht table would invite
A bed-rid stomacke to an appetite,
And make the wastefull *glutton* that does eat
His unern'd dyet with his daily sweat,
Behold his heaven in a more ample measure,
Then he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure
Of his best faith; such were the dainties, such.
The viands, that I dare not think too much
To term it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid:
Soon as the *Marshal* of this princely feast
Had in his rightful seat, plac'd every guest,
A soft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.

(19) Forth-

(19) Forthwith, with joyned hands and ſmiling
With habits more unequal then their paces (faces,
A jolly pair drew near the table; th'one
In green: His pamper'd body had out-grown
His ſeam-ript garments, all imbroider'd ore
With ſpreading Vines, whoſe fruitful leaves did cover
Their ſwelling Cluſters; his out-ſtrutting eyes
Star'd in his head: his dropſie ſwollen thighes
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd ſnout
Was deeply furniſht and enricht about
With *Carbuncles*; around his brows did twine
Full laden Cluſters, raviſht from the *Vine*.
The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd upon,
The colour of her ſilken mantle was
Twixt green and yellow, like the fading graſs:
On which were wrought incloſed fields of corn,
Some reap'd, ſome bound in ſheaves, and ſome unſhorn:
Well favor'd was her count'nance, plump and round;
Her golden Treſſes dangled to the ground:
Her temples bound with full ripe ears of *wheate*,
Wreath'd like a *Garland*: frequent drops of ſweat
Down from her ſwarthy brovvs did ſlily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand ſhe bare a *ſickle*,
Thus uſher'd, vvith a *Bag-pipe* to the Table,
They both ſtood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathleſſe tongue,
Till ſmiling *Ceres* thus began the ſong.

Welcome

WElcome faireſt Virgin Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feaſt:
Taſte what Ceres did provide
For ſo fair, ſo fair a gueſt.

Bacch. Taſte what Bacchus did provide
For ſo fair, ſo fair a gueſt:
Welcome faireſt Virgin Bride,
VVelcome to our jolly feaſt.

Chor. Our conjoyned bounties do
Make Mars ſmile, and Venus too.

Ceres. Welcome noble Bridegroom hither;
Worlds of bliſs, and joy attend yee:
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres bounty ſends ye.

Bacch. Freely welcome both together,
See what Bacchus bounty ſends ye.
VVelcome noble Bridegroom hither;
VVorlds of bliſs, and joy attend ye.

Chor. Our conjoyned bounties do
Make Mars ſmile and Venus too.

Ceres. Here is that, whoſe ſweet variety
Gives you pleaſure and delight;
Makes you full without ſatiety;
VVaſtes the day, and haſtes the night.

Bacch. This will rouze the man of war
VVhen the drum ſhall beat in vain,
When his ſpirits drooping are,
This will make them riſe again.

Chor. You that joyntly do inherit
Venus beauty, Mars his ſpirit,
Freely taſte our bounty; ſo
Mars ſhall ſmile, and Venus too.

The

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd and vaniſht, none knew how, nor whither.
To make relation of each quaint deviſe
That art preſented their unwearied eyes:
The nature of their mirth, of their diſcourſe:
The dainties of the firſt, the ſecond courſe:
The ſecret glances of the *Bridegrooms* eye
On his fair *Bride*; how oft ſhe bluſht, and why,
Were but to rob the *Bridegroom* of his right,
Who counts each houre a Sommers day till night.
Methinks it grieves me, that my Pen ſhould wrong
Poor Lovers diſappointed hopes ſo long:
And it repents me ſo, that oftentimes
Me thinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
And for the cruel ſins that they commit
In being tedious, ſome I wiſh unwrit:
Let it ſuffice, what glory, what delight,
What ſtate, or what to pleaſe the appetite,
The eye, the ear, the fancy: In a word,
What joy ſo ſhort a ſeaſon could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here expreſt
In this our Nuptiall, this our princely feaſt.

Thus when the board was voided, and the *Sewer*
Had now reſign'd his office with the *Ewer*,
The curious linnen gone; and all the rights
Perform'd, that long to feſtival delights:
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
To depth of ſilence; tells them, 'tis his taske
To let them kow, the gods intend a Maske,
To grace theſe Nuptialls; and with that he ſpred
His air-dividing pinions and fled.

When

When ſilence thus had charmed every ear
With wonder and attention, they might hear
The Mask of the gods.
The winged Quiriſters of night, about
In every corner, ſweetly warbling out
Their Philomelian *airs, and wilder note,*
which nature taught them to divide, by rote;
So that the hall did ſeem a ſhady Grove,
Wherein by turns, th' ambitious Quire ſtrove
T'excel themſelves.
While thus their ears were feeding with delight
Vpon theſe ſtrains, the Goddeſs of the night
Enters the Scene: *Her body was confin'd*
VVithin a coal-black Mantle, *thorow lin'd*
VVith ſable Furs: *her Treſſes were of hiew*
Like Ebony, *on with a* Pearly *dew*
Hung, like a ſpiders VVeb; her face did ſhrowd
A ſwarth Complexion, *underneath a cloud*
Of black curld Cypreſſe: *On her head, ſhe wore*
A Crown *of burniſht* Gold, *beſhaded ore*
VVith Frogs *and* Rory miſt: *her hand did bear*
A Scepter *and a ſable* Hemiſphere:
She ſternly ſhook her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy *ſmile, and thus beſpake;*
Drive on, drive on, (dull *VVaggoner*) let ſlip
Your looſer reins, and uſe thine idle whip,
Thy pamper'd *Steeds* are purſie, drive away,
The lower world thinks long to ſee the day:
Darkneſſe befits us beſt; and our delight
Will reliſh far more ſweeter in the night:
Approach (ye bleſſed *ſhadows*) and extend
Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly ſports: Approach, make no delay,
It is your Queene, your ſoveraign calls away. *VVith*

With that, a ſudden darkneſſe fill'd the Hall:
The light was baniſht, and the windows all
So neerly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in, nor darkneſſe out;
Thus while the death-reſembling ſhades of night
Had drawn their miſty Curtains *'twixt the light*
And every darkned eye, which was deni'd
To ſee, but that, which darkneſſe could not hide:
The jealous god, fearing he knows not whom,
(Indeed whom fears he not?) enters the roome,
And with his club-foot groping in the ſhade
Of night, he mutter'd forth theſe word, and ſaid:
Where is this wanton *Harlot* now become? *Vulcans ſpeech.*
Is light ſo odious to her? or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that ſhe
Muſt ſtill be rambling, where unknown to me
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling *Venus* muſt be one?
Is't not enough that *Phœbus* does applaude
Her luſt, but muſt *Nights goddeſſe* be her baud?
Darkneſſe be gone, thou patroneſſe to luſt:
If fair means may not rid thee, fouler muſt,
Away; my power ſhall out-charm thy charms,
Ile find her panting in her lovers arms.
Enter you *lamplets* of terreſtrial fire,
And let your golden heads (at leaſt) conſpire
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of *Phœbus*, with your light.

So ſaid, the darkned Hall was garniſht round
With lighted Tapers; *Every object found*
An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd

With

With pleaſure in the object it beheld.
As theſe deviſeful changes did incite
Their quickned fancies, with a freſh delight,
Morpheus *came in*; *His dreaming pace was ſo,*
That none could ſay he mov'd, he mov'd ſo ſlow:
His folded arms, athwart his breſt, did knit
A ſluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit
Againſt his painting boſome, as he paſt:
And oftentimes his eyes were cloſed faſt.
He wore a crown of Poppy *on his head:*
And, in his hand, he bore a mace of Lead:
He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To nights black Soveraign, he thus begun:

Morpheus Speech.

Great Empreſſe of the world: To whom I owe
My ſelf, My ſervice, my perpetual vow:
Before the footſtool of whoſe dreadfull throne
The Princes of this lower world lay down
Their *Crowns* and *Scepters*; whoſe victorious hand
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command
This globe of Earth, your ſervant (whoſe dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the earthly ſhadows, and to ſeiſe
Upon theſe wearied mortalls, when you pleaſe
T'appoint; till then, your ſervant is at hand
To put in execution your command.
To whom the ſmiling Goddeſſe thus replide.

The Goddeſſe of the Nights ſpeech.

Morpheus, our pleaſure is to ſet aſide
This night to mirth, and time-beguiling ſports;
Our ſleep-reſtraining buſineſſe much imports
Your welcome abſence, whilſt our ears ſhall number
The flying hours; our mirth admits no ſlumber:

The

The word ſcarce ended, but the Queene of Love
Deſcended from her unſeen ſeat, above:
In her fair hand ſhe led her winged Son,
And like a full-mouth'd tempeſt thus begun.

Venus Speech to Morpheus.

Diſloyal *Sycophant*, Deaths baſtard brother,
Accurſed ſpaun, caſt from as curs'd a mother:
That with thy baſe impoſtures rifleſt man
Of half his dayes, of half that little ſpan
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'ſt him to death, betray'ſt him with thy ſmiles,
What mak'ſt thou here, and to uſurp my right
Perfidious *Caitife*? *Venus* day is night:
Go to the frozen world, where mans deſire
Is made of ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'r the warmer: Go, and viſit fools,
Or phlegmatick old age, whoſe ſpirit cools
As quickly as their breath: Go, what have we
To do (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee
As leaden as thy Mace? Th'art made for nought,
But to ſtill children, or to eaſe the thought
Of brain ſick *Franticks*; or, with joyes, to flatter
Poor ſlumbring ſouls, which wak'd, find no ſuch matter:
Go ſuccour thoſe, that vent by quick retail
Their wits, upon dear peny-worths of Ale:
Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whoſe aduſt deſire
Wants means to ſlack the fury of their falſe fire:
O that I were a *Baſilisk*, that I
Might dart my venome, or elſe venom'd die.
Boy, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart,
Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
Let flie Deaths arrow, or if thou haſt none,
In Deaths name ſend an arrow of thine own:

We are both wrong'd, and in the ſame degree:
Shoot then, at once, revenge thy ſelf and me.
With that the little angry god did bend
His ſteele bow, and in Deaths name did ſend
His winged meſſenger, whoſe faithfull haſte
Diſpatcht his irefull errand; and ſtuck faſt
Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
His ſinging feathers in his wounded ſide.
Morpheus *fell down, as dead, and on the ground*
Lay for a little ſeaſon in a ſwound,
Gaſping for breath. And lovers dreams (they ſay)
Have evermore been wanton ſince that day:
Venus was pleas'd: The goddeſſe of the night
Grew angry; ſhe would needs reſigne her right
Of government, and in a ſpleen threw down
Her Hemiſpher, *her* Scepter, *and her* Crown;
And, with a dusky fog, ſhe did beſmeare
The face of Venus, *ſoil'd her golden hair*
With her black ſhades, and with foul terms revil'd
Both her, her cuckold mate, and baſtard child:
Whereat the God of war, *being much offended,*
Forſook both ſeat and patrence, and deſcended:
And, to the world, he proffer'd to make good
Fair Venus *honor, with his deareſt blood:*
To whom poor Vulcan (*puffing in a rage,*
To hear his well known fortune on the ſtage)
Scrall'd many a thank; and with his crouching knee
Profeſt true love to ſuch true friends as he.
And ever ſince, experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kind to ſuch as make them ſo.
By this god Morpheus *waking from his ſwound*
Began to groan; and from his aking wound

Drew

Drew forth the buried ſhafts but Mars (*whoſe word*
Admits no other ſecond, but his ſword)
Vnſheath'd his furious brondiron, and let flie
A blow at Morpheus *head, which had well-nie*
Clove him in twain, had not the Queene of night
Hurl'd haſty miſts before his darkned ſight:
So that the ſword, by a falſe guided aim
Struck Vulcans *foot*, which ever ſince was lame:
At laſt the gods came down, and thought it good
To nip this early quarrell in the bud;
Who fearing uproars, with a friendly cup
Of bleſt Nepenthe, *took the quarrell up:*
And for th'offence committed, did proclaim
This ſentence in offended Juno's *name.*

The ſentence.

Morpheus from hence is baniſht, for this night,
And not t'approach before the morning light:
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a gueſt,
Adjudg'd unfitting for a marriage feaſt,
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is cenſur'd to perpetuall night,
And not (unleſſe by ſtealth) to ſee the light:
Her chiefeſt joy to be but pleaſing folly,
Perform'd with *madneſſe*, dog'd with *melancholy*.

And here the muſick did invite their paces
To meaſure time, and by exchange of places
To lead the curious beholders eye
A willing captive to variety.
Thus, with the ſweet viciſſitude of mirth
They ſpent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth
Had ſtudied to pleaſe man, in ſuch a meaſure,

That

That art could not do more t' augment their pleasure:
And so they vanisht.

Now *Ceres* Evening bounty re-invites
Her noble guests to her renew'd delights:
And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their souls
With a full hand, presents his swelling Bowls.
Wine came unwisht, like water from a sourse;
And delicates were mingled with discourse:
What *art* could do to make a welcome guest,
Was liberally presented at that feast.

(20) It was no sooner ended, but appears
An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in years, N.
In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled hand
An hour-glasse, labouring with her latest sand;
Beneath his arm, a buffen Knapsack hung
Stuft full of writings in an unknown tongue,
Chronologies, out-dated *Almanacks*,
And *Patents*, that had long surviv'd their wax:
Unto his shoulders *Eagle wings* were joyn'd:
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behinde:
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pause, and after that, he said:

Mortals 'tis out, my glasse is run,
And with it the day is done:
Dark shadows have expell'd the light,
And my glasse is turn'd for night:

The

The Queene of darkneſſe bids me ſay,
Mirth is fitter for the day:
Vpon the day, ſuch joyes attend,
With the day ſuch joyes muſt end.
Think not, Darkneſſe goes about,
Like death, to puff your pleaſures out:
No, no, ſhe'l lend you new delights,
She hath pleaſures for the nights.
When as her ſhadows ſhall benight ye,
She hath what ſhall ſtill delight ye:
Aged Time *ſhall make it known,*
She hath dainties of her own:
'Tis very late, away, away,
Let day ſports expire with day:
For this time we adjourn your feaſt:
The Bridegroom faine would be at reſt:
And if the night-paſtimes diſpleaſe ye,
Day will quickly come, and eaſe ye.

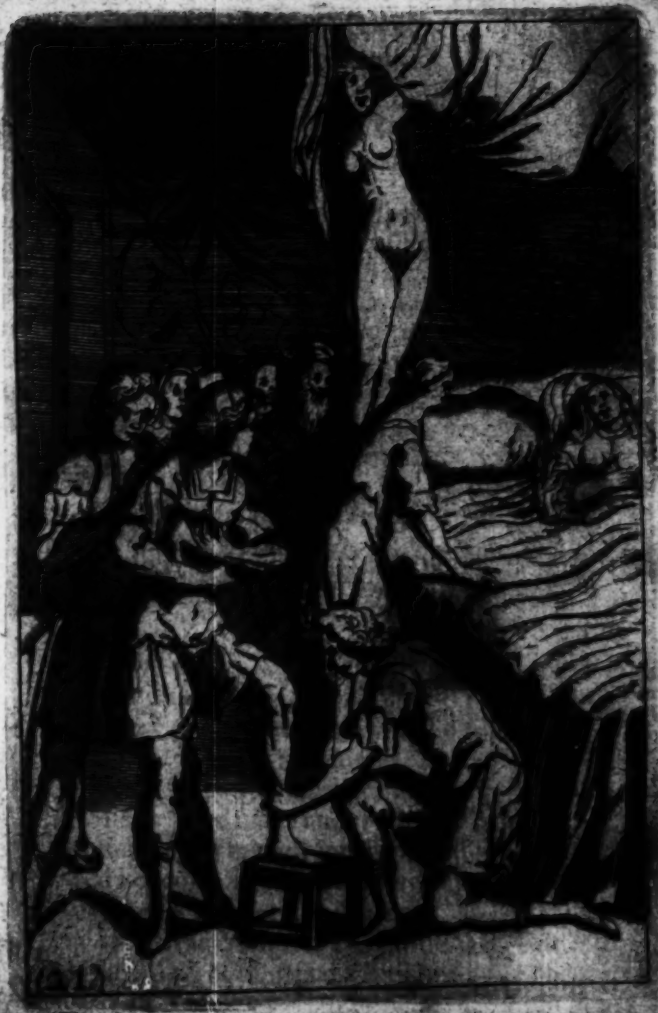
With that, a ſweet vermilian tincture ſtain'd
The *Brides* fair cheeks: The more that ſhe reſtrain'd
Her bluſh, the more her diſobedient blood
Did overflow; as if a ſecond flood
Had meant to riſe, and, for a little ſpace,
To drown that world of beauty in her face:
She bluſht; (but knew not why) and like the *Moon*,
She look'd moſt red, upon her going down.
But ſee: The ſmiling Ladies do begin
To joyn their whiſpering heads, as there had bin
A plot of treaſon: till at length, unſpide,
They ſtole away th'unwilling-willing *Bride*:
Their buſie hands unrob'd her and ſo led
The timorous Virgin to her *Nuptial* bed.

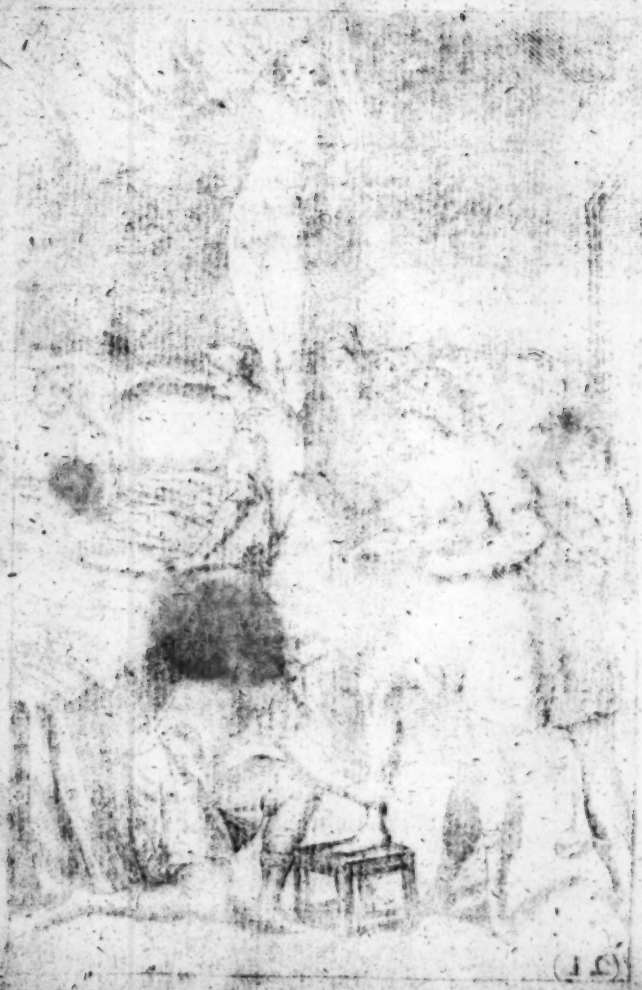
By

(21) By this, the *Nobles have* recommended
Their tongues to ſilence, their diſcourſe being ended,
They look'd about, and thinking to have done
Their ſervice to the *Bride*, the *Bride* was gone:
And now the *Bridegroom* (unto whom delay
Seem'd worſe then death) could broke no longer ſtay:
Attended by his noble gueſts, he enters
That room, where th'enterchangable *Indentures*
Of deareſt love, lay ready to be ſeal'd
With mutuall pleaſures not to be reveal'd.
His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
(Not able to be borne) do over-fraight
His weary ſhoulders: *Atlas* never ſtoopt
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt:
No help was wanting, for he did receive
What ſudden aid he could expect, or have
From ſpeedy hands, from hands that did not waſte
The time; unleſs (perchance) by over-haſte:
Mean while, a dainty warbling breſt, not ſtrong,
As ſweet, preſents this *Epithalmion* ſong.

Man of war, march bravely on,
The field's not eaſie to be won:
There's no danger in that war,
Where lips both ſwords and bucklers are.
Here's no cold to chill thee,
A bed of down's thy field:
Here's no ſword to kill thee,
Unleſſe thou pleaſe to yield.

Here





Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no ſcars to number.
Theſe be wars of Cupids *making,*
Theſe be wars will keepe you waking,
Till the early breakeing day
Call your forces hence, away.
Theſe be wars that make no ſpolie,
Death *here ſhoots his ſhafts in vain:*
Though the ſouldirs get a foil,
He will rouſe and fight again.
Theſe be wars that neaver ceaſe,
But conclude a mutual peace.
Let benign and proſp'rous ſtars,
Breathe ſucceſſe upon theſe wars,
And when thrice three months be run,
Be thou father of a ſon:
A ſon that may derive from thee
The honor of true merit,
And may to ages, yet to be,
Convey thy blood, thy ſpirit:
Making the glory of his fame
Perpetuate, and crown thy name,
And give it life in ſpight of death,
When Fame ſhall want both trump and breath.

Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even
The golden headed Charioter of Heaven,
With what a ſpeed his prouder reins do bend
His panting horſes to their journeys end?
How red he looks, with what a ſwift carreer
He hurries to the lower Hemiſphere
And in a moment ſhoots his golden-head
Upon the pillow of bluſhing *Thetis* bed:

Even ſo the Bridegroom (whoſe deſire had wings
More ſwift then time, ſwitch on with pleaſure) ſprings
Into his Nuptiall bed; and look how faſt
The ſtooping Fauleon clips, and with what haſte
Her talons ſeize upon the timerous prey,
Even ſo his arms (impatient of delay)
His circling arms imbrac'd his bluſhing Bride,
While ſhe (poor ſoul) lay trembling by his ſide.
The Bridegroom now growes weary of his gueſts
What mirth, of late was pleaſing, now moleſts
His tired patience: Too much ſweet offends:
Sometimes to be forſaken of our friends,
In *Cupids* moralls, is obſerv'd to be
The fruits of friendſhip, in the beſt degree.
And thus at laſt, the curtains being clos'd,
They left them, each in others arms repos'd.
And here my Muſe bids draw our curtains too,
Tis unfit to ſee what private Lovers do.
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over-rank,
But vail thy underſtanding with a Blank,
Think not on what thou think'ſt: and, if thou canſt,
Yet underſtand not what thou underſtandeſt.
Sow not thy fruitfull heart with ſo poor ſeeds:
Or if, perchance (unſown) they ſpring like weeds,
Vſe them like weeds, thou knoweſt not how to kill:
Slight them, and let them thrive againſt thy wil:
View them like evills, that Art cannot prevent,
But ſee thou take no pleaſure in their ſent.
And one thing more: When as the morning light
Shall bring the baſhfull Bride into thy ſight,
Be not too cruell: Let no wanton eye
Diſturb, and wrong her conſcious modeſty:
And if ſhe bluſh, examine not for what:

Nay though thou ſee it (Reader) ſee it not.
And ſhall our ſtory diſcontinue here?
Or want a period, till another yeer?
Shall we befriend theſe Lovers, with the night,
And leave them buried in their own delight,
And ſo conclude? No, it ſhall ne'r be ſed
That marriage joys end in the marriage bed:
Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds
Her happineſſe on ſuch unſtable grounds:
And, like a ſudden blaze, it never laſts,
But, as the pleaſure waxes cold, it waſts.
Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Is even as welcome to him as the night:
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,
Whiles ſhe lies ſweetly ſlumbring by his ſide:
She ſleeps, he views her: Thrice his mind was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent:
Sometimes his lips, with a ſtolne kiſſe would greet
Her guiltleſſe lips: (*They ſay ſtoln goods are ſweet*)
At length, ſhe wakes, and hides her bluſhing cheeks
In his warm boſome, where ſhe ſafely ſeeks
For *Sanctuary*, whereunto ſhould fly
The guilt of her protected modeſty:
He ſmiles, and whiſpers in her deafned ear;
(*Women can underſtand, and yet not hear*)
He ſpeaks, but ſhe (even whilſt his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers, did ſtop his lips from ſpeaking.
When thrice three Suns had now almoſt out-worn
The rare ſolemnities that did adorn
Theſe Princely *Nuptialls*, and had made report,
Grow ſomthing ſparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,

The *Bridegroom* whose indevours were addrest,
To practice what may please his fair *Bride* best,
Resolv'd to leave *Kalanders* house, and crown
Parthenia sole commandresse of her own:
Long was it ere *Kalanders* liberal ear
Could be unlockt; it had no power to hear
The word farewel: Stil *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuses; which he soon defeated.
But as the stout *Alcides* did cashiere
One rising head, another would appear:
Even so, whilst his ingenious love did smother
One cause of parting, he would find an ther.
Kalander thus at last, (being over-wrought
With words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield, what he so long gain-said in vaine.
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must go,
But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so:
There is no parting, till the aged sire
Shall warm his fingers by *Partheniaes* fire.
Parthenia sues, *Kalander* must not rest
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd guest.
The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day:
And, with his trembling beams, had repossest
The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalanders* Castle; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of delight*:
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,
Well chosen; not capacious, as neat:
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train:

It

It ſeem'd a Center to a Parke, well ſtor'd
With Deer, whoſe well-thriven bounty did afford
Continuall pleaſure and delight; nay, what
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not?
Th'impatient Faulkner here may learn to ſay
Forgotten prayers, and bleſſe him every day.
The patient Angler, here, may tire his wiſh,
And (if he pleaſe) may ſwear, and yet catch fiſh.
The ſneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And ne'r want ſport untill his powder's done:
And to conclude, there was no ſtint, no meaſure
To th'old mans profit, or the young mans pleaſure:
Thither this night the Nuptiall troop is gone:
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her own:
But would you hear what entertainment paſt?
Conceive it rather; for my quill would waſte
Th'unthriving ſtock of my beſpoken time,
While ſuch free bounty cannot ſtand with rime:
But that which muſt did ſeaſon, and imbelliſh
Their choice delights, and gave the trueſt reliſh
To their beſt mirth, and pleaſures, was, to ſee
With what a ſweet conjugal harmony
All things were carry'd: Every word did prove
To adde ſome acquiſition to their love;
So one they were, that none could juſtly ſay,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:
He rul'd, becauſe ſhe would obey; and ſhe,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:
What pleaſed him, would need no other cauſe
To pleaſe her too, but onely his applauſe;
A happy pair, whoſe double life, but one:
Made one life double, and the ſingle, none.

Thus

Thus when th'unconſtant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her ſharpned horns, for an orb of light:
Kalender (whoſe occaſions grew too ſtrong.
And may not be diſpens'd withal too long)
Takes leave, and (being equal heavy hearted
With ſad *Parthenia* for his haſte) departed:
But *Argalus* (who never yet could one
Himſelf with more advantage then alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whoſe well pleas'd deſire
Hopes nothing elſe. if *Argalus* be by her)
Needs not the help of any to augment
The better joyes of their retir'd content:
Sometimes the curious Garden would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight: (pleaſure,
Sometimes the well-ſtor'd Park would change their
And tender to her view, their light-foot treaſure:
Where th' unmoleſted Herd would ſeem to ſtand,
And crave a death at fair *Partheniaes* hand:
Sometimes her ſteps would climb th'ambitious *Tower*,
From whoſe aſpiring top they might diſcover
A little Common-wealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus*, durſt challenge as his own:
Sometimes (for change of pleaſure) he would read
Selected ſtories, whilſt her ears would feed
Upon theſe lips, and now and then a kiſſe
Would interpoſe like a *parentheſis*,
Between their ſemicircled arms, inclos'd:
(*O what dull ſpirits could be indiſpos'd*
To read ſuch lines!) and whilſt upon the book
His eyes were fix'd, her pleaſed eyes would look
Upon the gracefull Reader, and eſpie
A ſtory, far more pleaſing, in his eye.

Upon

(22) Vpon a day as they were cloſely ſeated,
Her ears attending, whilſt his lips repeated
A ſtory, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters
A *Meſſenger*, whoſe countenance did bewray
A haſte too ſerious to admit delay;
His hand preſents him Letters, which did bring
Their ſealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* roſe, and ſtept aſide:
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as ſhe ey'd
The meſſenger, her colour comes and goes:
Parthenia fears; and yet *Parthenia* knows
Not what to fear: Her jealous heart knows how
To fear an evill, becauſe it fears to know:
And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
Upon his eye, which ſeem'd to ſtrive betwixt
A thouſand thwarting paſſions: Once he caſt
His eyes on her, and finding hers ſo faſt
On his, he bluſht, ſhe bluſht, both bluſht together,
Becauſe they bluſht for what, unknown to either.
The Letter being read, (and having kiſt
Balſius name) he ſpeedily diſmiſt
The Meſſenger, with promiſe to obey
Baſilius juſt commands without delay:
That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand:
And to her greedy eye he ſtraight preſents
The paper; ballac'd with its ſad contents:

Parthenia, with a fearfull ſlowneſſe took it,
And with a feareful haſte did over-look it:
Her face being blanched with the pallid ſignes
Of what ſhe fear'd too ſoon, ſhe read theſe lines.

Baſilius Rex.

WHereas the famous and victorious name
Of great Amphialus, *makes the trump of Fame*
Breathe nothing but his conqueſts, and renown:
Whoſe lawleſſe actions fortune ſtrives to crown
(In ſpight of juſtice) with a victors merit,
Reſpecting more the greatneſſe of his ſpirit,
Then juſtneſſe of his cauſe; to the diſhonor
Of vertue, and all ſuch as wait upon her.
And furthermore, whereas his power is known
T'oppugn the welfare of our State *and* Crown,
With ſtrong rebellion, to the high advancement
Of his diſloyal glory, and inhancement
Of his perfidious name, the great increaſe
Of factions, and diſturbance of our peace:
Likewiſe, whereas his high prevailing hand
(Againſt the force whereof no fleſh can ſtand)
Could ne'r be equal'd yet, much leſſe orecome:
But with loud triumph, ſtill does carry home
The ſpoils of our loſt honor, to the fame
Of his rebellious glory, and our ſhame:
We therefore in our princely care perpending
The ſerious premiſſes, and much depending
On your known courage, have ſelected you
To ſtand our Champion *Royall, and renew*
Our waſted honor, with your ſword and lance
In equall Duell: *Thus you ſhall advance*
The glorious pitch of your renowned name
With the brave purchaſe of eternall fame:

In

In this you ſhall revive our dying glory,
And live the ſubject of theſe ages ſtory,
(Which ſhall be read till time ſhall have an end)
And tie Baſilius *your perpetual friend.*

To our right truſty and noble
Kinſman, Argalus.

But as ſhe read, her tears did trickle down
Upon the lines, as if they meant to drown
Th'unwelcome meſſage, and at length ſhe ſaid,
Ah me (my Argalus*) was't this you made*
Such haſte to anſwer? did that anſwer need
To be turned with ſo great a ſpeed?
Can you, O can you be ſo quickly won
To leave your poor Parthenia, *and be gone?*
To whom reſolved *Argalus* (whoſe eye
Was fixt upon his honor) made replie,
My dear Parthenia, *were it to obtain*
The unſumm'd wealth of Pluto; *or to gain*
The ſoveraignty of the Earth without expence
Of blood or ſweat, without the leaſt pretence
Of danger, my ambition would deſpiſe
The eaſie conqueſt of ſo great a prize,
If purchas'd by thy diſcontent, or by
The pooreſt tear that trickles from thine eye.
But to recal my promiſe, or forſake
That reſolution honor bids me make
In this behalfe, or to betray that truſt
Repos'd in me, the gods would be unjuſt
(And not themſelves) if they ſhould but command
Or urge me, with an over-ſwaying hand:

My dear Parthenia; *Let no falſe ſuggeſtion*
Abuſe thy paſſion; or preſume to queſtion
My deareſt love, though honor bids us part,
Yet honour cannot rob thee of my heart:
Honor, that calls me with her loud alarms
Will bring me back with Triumph to thine arms.
So ſaid, the ſad *Parthenia* (whoſe tears
Are turn'd *Lieutenants* to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language: *Griefs that are but ſmall*
Can ſpeake, when great ones cannot vent at all:
But tender-hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such ſilence ſpeaks too loud) forſook the room:
And, with a breſt, as full of penſive care,
As honor, gave directions to prepare
His warlick *Steed*, his Martial *attire*,
And all things, ſuch imployment does require.
And here, O thou, thou great ſupreme Protectreſs
Of bolder ſpirits, and the ſole directreſs
Of lofty flying quills, which ſhall derive
To after times, what glorious ſwords atchieve:
And mak'ſt the actions of heroick ſpirits
Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits:
Illuſtrious Clio: *aid me and inſpire*
My raged rimes, with thy diviner fire:
Teach me to raiſe my ſtyle, and to attain
A pitch, that may tranſcend the vulgar ſtrain:
Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing:
And let my ink be blood: that I may ſing
Death to the life: let him that reads, expound,
Each daſh, a ſword, and every word a wound.
By this, the *Champion Royall* had put on
His Martiall weeds: but haſting to be gone,

The

The poor *Parthenia*, whoſe cold fit paſt
(Like thoſe in agues) now does burn as faſt:
She leaves the lonely room, and comming out
She finds her *Argalus* inclos'd about
With glittering walls of ſteel: apparell'd round
In his bright arms (whom ſhe had rather found
Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
But what her lips could not (poor ſoul) allow
Without a ſea of tears, her laſt farewell,

(23) She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
Upon her knees, ſhe claſpt him by the arm,
And looking up, ſhe thus began to charm:
My Argalus, *my* Argalus, *my* dear:
And wilt thou goe and leave Parthenia *here*?
Wilt thou forſake me then? and can theſe tears
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned ears
And my ſad ſuit? Canſt thou, O canſt thou goe
And leave thy poor diſtreſt Parthenia *ſo*?
Parthenia *ſues*, Parthenia *does implore*,
Parthenia *begs*, *that never beg'd before*:
Remember, O remember you are, now,
Vnder the power of a ſacred vow:
Honor muſt ſtoop to vows, which once being crackt
You cannot do an honorable act:
I have a right unto; you are mine:
I have that intreſt which Ile ne'r reſigne
Till death: Ile never hazard to forgo

My whole estate of happinesse, at one throw:
No, no, I will not: I will hold thee fast
In spight of Honor, and her nine days blast.
Your former acts have given sufficient proofe
To the wide world; your valor's known enough
Without a farther tryal; there's enow
To lose their lives (lesse worthy) besides you:
'Twas then a time for arms, when you had none,
None other left to venture, but your own:
Excuse me then, that onely do indevor
To hold mine own, which now I must, or never:
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia *must partake:*
Shall your Parthenia *be indang'red then?*
Parthenia *shall be present, even when*
The strokes fall thickest; and Parthenia *shall*
Suffer what ere to Argalus *may befall.*
Parthenia, *in your greatest pain, shall smart;*
Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's *heart.*
Can prayers obtain no place? by this dear hand,
The sacred pledge of our conjugall band.
By all the pleasures of our dearest love:
By heaven, and all the heavenly powers above:
Or if those motives cannot find a room,
Yet by the tender fruit, that in my womb
Begins to bud; or if ought else appear
To thy best thoughts more pretious or more dear,
By that forsake me not, although the rest
Prevail not, Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken hearted *Argalus*, Wearied, but not o'rcome, made answer thus:

My

My dear Parthenia: *Thy desires never*
Gainsaid my will, till now: Do not persever
To crave that boone, I cannot grant: forbear
To urge me: Resolution hath no ear
Weep not, (my joy) let not these drops of thine
That trickle from so fair an eie divine
A foul successe: Chear up; a smile or two
Would make me half a conquerer, ere I go:
Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
The glorious lustre of so fair a light:
Doubt not my life: the justnesse of my cause,
That brings me on, will quit me with applause:
Fear not, that such a blessing, such a wife
Was e'r intended for so short a life:
Expect my safe return; as quick, as glorious;
My genius tells me, I shall live victorious.

So said, as if that passion had forgot
Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not:
But, like to one, new striken with the thunder
She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder:
His lips took leave, and as his arms surrounded
Her feeble waste, she strait fell down, and swounded:
But *Argalus* transported with the tide
And tyranny of honor, could abide
No longer stay; he trusts her to the guard
Of her own woman; left her, and repair'd
Unto the Camp; wherein, he spent some days,
In parley with *Amphialus*; and assayes
By all perswasive means, to make him yield
To just demands, and not to stain the field
With needlesse blood: But finding him unapt

For

For peaceful counſel (being ſtrongly rapt
With his own fame) and ſcorning to afford
His ear to any language, but the ſword,
He ceas'd t'adviſe him; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this defie:

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If ſtrong perſwaſions, backt with reaſons, could
Been honor'd with your ear, your wiſedome would,
In yielding to ſo fair a peace, have won
As ample glory, as your ſword hath done
You ſhould have conquer'd ſouls, where now at moſt,
You can ſubdue but bodies, that have loſt
The power to reſiſt: But ſince my ſuit,
Sown on ſo barren ſoil, can finde no fruit;
Receive a mortall challenge, from a hand,
Whoſe juſtice takes a glory to withſtand
So foul a cauſe, and labors to ſubdue,
Your heedleſſe errors, whilſt it honors you:
Compoſe you then, to make a preparation,
According to your noble wonted faſhion:
And think not ſlight of ne'r ſo weak an arm
That ſtrikes, when juſtice ſtrikes up her alarm.

Argalus.

No ſooner had he read it, but his pen,
With noble ſpeed, return'd theſe lines agen:
Much more renowned Argalus,
Your faithfull ſervant, whoſe victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now
By your brave curteſie, being ſtricken dumb

With

With your rare worth, and fairly overcome:
Yet doubting not the juſtneſſe of my cauſe
(That's over-ruled by the ſacred laws
Of deareſt love) will give my ſword the power
Even to maintain it, to the lateſt hour:
I ſhall expect your comming in the Ile,
Where, with a heart, (not poyſon with the bile
Or gall of malice) with my deareſt blood,
Your ſervant ſhall be ready to make good
His juſt deſignes: aſſured of no leſſe
Then treble fame, if crowned with ſucceſſe:
If not, there's no diſhonor can accrew
In being conquer'd, and orecome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus*, (whoſe blood did boyl
To be in action) comes into the Ile,
Clad in white Armor, gilt and ſtrangely dreſt
With knots of womens hair, which from his creſt
Hung dangling down, & with their bounteous treaſure,
Oreſpred his Corſlet in a lib'rall meaſure
His curious furniture was faſhion'd out,
Like to a flying Eagle, round about
Beſet with plumes, whoſe crooked beake (being caſt
Into a coſtly jewel was made faſt
To th'ſaddle bow: Her ſpreading train did cover
His crooper, whilſt the trappers ſeeme to hover
Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye,
As the horſe pranc'd, the Eagle ſeem'd to flie
Vpon his arm (his threatning arm) he wore
A ſleeve, all curiouſly imbroidered ore

With

With bleeding hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
(In thoſe croſſe times, when fortune ſo betraid
Their ſecret love, and with a ſmiling frown
Daſht their falſe hopes) as copies of her own.
Vpon his ſhield (for his deviſe) he ſet
Two neighb'ring Palms, whoſe budding branches met
And twin'd together; the obſcure Impreſſe
Imported this: *Thus flouriſhing, as theſe*:
His Horſe was of a fiery Sorrel, blacke
His Main, his Feet, his Tail: on his proud backe
A coal black Liſt: his noſtrils open wide,
Breath'd War, before his ſparkling eye deſcride
An enemy to encounter; up by turns,
He lifts his haſty hoofs, as if he ſcorns
The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
A way, to goe, and yet ne'r change the ground.
By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minuts years) was landed in the Ile,
In all reſpects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment, as the ſword
And launce could give: and at the Trumpets ſound,
The Steeds, (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks) both ſtart, and with ſmooth running
Their ſtaves, declining with unſhaken cunning,
Perform'd their Maſters will, with angry ſpeed:
But *Argalus* his well inſtructed Steed
(Being hot, and full of courage, fiercely lead
By his owne pride) preſt in his prouder head:
The which when ſtout *Amphialus* eſpide
(Well knowing it unſafe to give his ſide)
Preſt likewiſe in, ſo that both men and horſe,
Shoudring each other, with a double force

Fell

Fell to the ground: But by accuſtomed skill,
And help of fortunes hand, that ſuccors ſtill
Bold ſpirits, ſhun'd the danger of the fall,
And had (leſſe fear'd then hurt) no harm at all:
They roſe, drew forth their ſwords, which now begun
To do what their left ſtaves had left undone.
Have ye beheld a Leaguer? In what ſort
The deep mouth'd Cannon playes upon the Fort,
And how by peece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding walls of the beſieged Town?
Even ſo their ſwords (whoſe oft repeated blows
Could find no patience yet to enterpoſe
A breathing reſpite) with redoubled ſtrength
So hew'd their proofleſſe armors, that at length
Their failing truſt began to prove unſound,
And peece by peece they dropt upon the ground,
Truſting their bodies to the bare defence
Of vertue, and unarmed innocence:
Such deadly blows were dealt, and ſuch requited,
That *Mars* himſelf ſtood raviſht and affrighted
To ſee the cruell Combate; every blow
Did act two parts; both ſtruck and garded too
At ſelf-ſame inſtant. So incomparable
Their skilfull quickneſſe was, that none was able
To ſay, (although their watchfull eyes attended
The ſtrokes) who made the blow, or who defended:
Long was it ere their equal skill and force
Of arms could ſhew a better, or a worſe:
Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
More equal odds: No wound as yet could ſhow
A drop of waſted blood, yet every blow

Was full of death: *When skilful Gameſters play,*
The Chriſtmas box gains often more then they.
At length the ſword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirſted ſo long in vaine till now; nor ever
Made victorious doubtful for ſo long a ſpace)
Faſtned a wound on the diſarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithfull ſhield born part, and bin
An equal ſharer, his unequal foe
No doubt, had ſumm'd his conqueſt in that blow:
With that the ſtout *Amphialus*, whoſe harm
Gave ſprightly quickneſſe to his wounded arm,
Upheav'd his thirſty Brondyron, and let flie
A down right blow; but with a falſifie
Reverſt the ſtroke, and left a gaping wound
In his right arm: But *Argalus*, that found
A loſs of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage cloſely lay
Vpon a lower guard; withal expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting:
For whilſt *Amphialus* (whoſe hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conqueſt, and proclaim'd
Vndoubted victory) heap'd his ſtrokes ſo faſt
As if each blow had ſcorn'd to be the laſt.
The watchfull *Argalus* (whoſe nimble eye
Diſpos'd his time, in onely putting by)
Put home a thruſt, (his right foot comming in)
And pierc'd his *Navel*, that the wound had bin
No leſſe then death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
A miſchief to advantage) had forborn
To ſhew a miracle; for with that blow
Amphialus laſt made, his arm had ſo

Oreſtruck

Oreſtruck it ſelf: that ſideward to the ground
He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that wound
Which (had he ſtood) had enter'd in, point blank,
But, falling, onely graz'd upon his flank:
Being down; brave *Argalus* his threatning ſword
Bids yield: *Amphialus* anſwering not a word
(as one, whoſe mighty ſpirit did diſdain
A life of alms) but ſtriving to regain
His legs, and honor, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the ſtrength a wounded arm could give,
Vpon his head; but his hurt arms (not able
To do him preſent ſervice, anſwerable
To his deſires) let his weapon fall:
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd with all)
Aroſe, but *Argalus* ran in, and graſpt
(Being clos'd together) with him, were both claſpt
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly arms of either,
A while they grapled, grapling fell together,
And on the ground, with equal fortune ſtrove;
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And ſometimes *Argalus*. Both joyntly vow'd
Revenge: both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
Both bleeding freſh: now *Argalus* bids yield;
And now *Amphialus*: Both would win the field,
Yet neither could; at laſt, by free conſent
They roſe; and to their breathed ſwords they meant:
The *Combat*'s now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had been but new begun:
New wounds aſſwage the ſmarting of the old,
And warm blood entermingles with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whoſe wounded arm had loſt
More blood, then all his body could almoſt

Supply; and like an unthrift, that expends
So long as he hath either ſtock, or friends)
Bled more then his ſpent fountains could make good;
His ſpirit could give courage, but not blood.
As when to wealthy *Clyents*, that wax old
In ſuit (whoſe learned *Counſel* can uphold,
And gloze the cauſe alike, on either ſide)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to ſay,
Who proſpers beſt, or who ſhall get the *Day*,
But he, whoſe water firſt ſhall ceaſe to flow,
And ebb ſo long, till it ſhall ebb too low,
His cauſe, (through richly laden to the brink
With right) ſhall ſtrike upon the bar and ſink,
And then an eaſie Councell may unfold
The doubt; the Queſtion's ended, with the gold:
Even ſo our Combatants, the whilſt their blood
Was equal ſpilt; the cauſe ſeem'd equal good,
The victory equal, equal was their arms,
Their hopes were equal; equal was their harms,
But when poor *Argalus* his waſting blood
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood,
A pretious flood, in the ungratefull field,
His cauſe, his ſtrength (but not his heart) muſt yield:
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
With that, *Amphialus* (whoſe noble ſtrife
Was put to purchaſe honor, and not life)
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight
He gained, and the valor of the Knight,
Became his ſuitor, that himſelf would pleaſe
To pity himſelf, and let the Combat ceaſe:

Which

Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
In honor to part ſtakes) with thanks refus'd:
(Like to a luckleſſe gameſter; who, the more
He loſes, is leſſe willing to give ore)
And filling up his empty veins with ſpite
Begins to ſum his forces, and unite
The broken ſtrength; and (like a Lamp that makes
The greateſt blaze at going out) he takes
His ſword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleſt armor, ſhield, and arm, almoſt in two:
But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pitty; and truſting to his Cards; he ſets
That ſtock of courage, treaſur'd in his breſt,
Making his whole eſtate of ſtrength, his Reſt:
And vies ſuch blows, as *Arg'lus* could not ſee
Without his loſſe of life: ſo thundred he
Upon his wounded body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open Sluce of blood, that found

(24) No hand to ſtop it, till the dolefull cry
Of a moſt beautious Lady, (who wel-nigh
Had run her ſelf to death) reſtrain'd his arm
(Perchance too late) from doing further harm:
It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that night
Had dream'd, ſhe ſaw her huſband in the plight
She now had found him: Fear and love together
Gave her no reſt, till they had brought her thither:
The nature of her fear did now begin
T'expel the fear of Nature; ſtepping in

Betweene-

Betweene their pointing ſwords, ſhe proſtrate lay
Before their blood-bedabled feet, to ſay
She knew not what; for as her lips would ſtrive
To be deliver'd, a deep ſigh would drive
Th'abortive iſſue of her language forth,
Which, born untimely, periſht in the birth:
And if her ſighs would give her leave to vent it,
O, then a tear woud trickle, and prevent it,
But when the wind of her loud ſighes had laid
The ſhowre of her tears, ſhe ſob'd and ſaid:
O wretched eyes of mine! O wailful ſight!
O day of darkneſſe! O eternal night!
And there ſhe ſtopt; her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus; ſhe ſigh'd and thus went on:

My Lord;
'Tis ſaid you love: then by that ſacred power
Of love, as you'd find mercy in the hour
Of greateſt miſery, leave off; and ſheath
Your bloody ſword: or elſe if nought but death,
May ſlack your anger, O let mine, let mine
Be a ſufficient offring at the Shrine
Of your appeaſed thoughts, or, if thou thirſt
For Argalus *his life, then take mine firſt:*
Or, if for noble blood you ſeek, if ſo,
Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,
And worth the ſpilling: Even for her dear ſake,
Your tender ſoul affects, awake, awake
Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether:
Let me die firſt; or kill us both together.

With that *Amphialus* was about to ſpeake,
But *Argalus* (whoſe heart did almoſt breake

To

To hear *Partheniaes* words) made this reply.
Parthenia, *ah* Parthenia, *Then muſt I*
Be bought and ſold for tears? is my condition
So poor, I cannot live, but by Petition?
So ſaid; He ſtept aſide (for fear, by chance,
The fury of ſome miſguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high diſdain,
Would have begun the Combat freſh again:
But now *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
Had not ſufficient warrant to withſtand
Parthenia's ſuit, from whoſe fair eyes there came
Such precious tears, in ſo belov'd a name:
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome; his very ſoul did ſmart;
He ſtirred not, but kept him at a diſtance:
And (putting by ſome blows) made no reſiſtance.
But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyl,
Muſt out at laſt, although they blaze a while:
Trees wanting ſap muſt wither: ſtrength and beauty
Can claim no priviledge to quit that duty
They ow to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
(The unſound ſupporters failing) muſt decline:
Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and muſt give ore
To ſtrike; his feeble arms can ſtrike no more:
And natures pale-fac'd *Baily* now diſtrains
His blood, for that ſmall debt that yet remains
Unpaid: His arm that cannot uſe the point,
Now leans upon the Pomel; every joynt
Diſclaims their idle ſinews; and his eye
Begins to double every object by;
Nothing appears the ſame it was; the ground,
And all thereon does ſeem to dance the round:

His

His legs grow faint, and thinking to ſit down,
He miſt his Chair, and fell into a ſwound.
With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haſte, *Amphialus* began
To looſe his Helmet, whil'ſt her buſie palm
Chaf'd his cold temples, and (diſtilling Balm
Into his wounds) her haſty fingers tore
Her linnen ſleeves, and partlet that ſhe wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt blood away, and wrap
His wounds withall; upon her panting lap
She laid his liveleſſe head, and (wanting bands
To bind his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made ſo long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair, by handfuls from her head
But as ſhe wrapt the vvounds, her eyes vvould ſhed
And wet the rags ſo much, that ſhe vvas fain
With ſighs and ſobs to dry it up again:
Thus half diſtracted vvith her griefs and fears,
Theſe vvords ſhe intermingles vvith her tears.

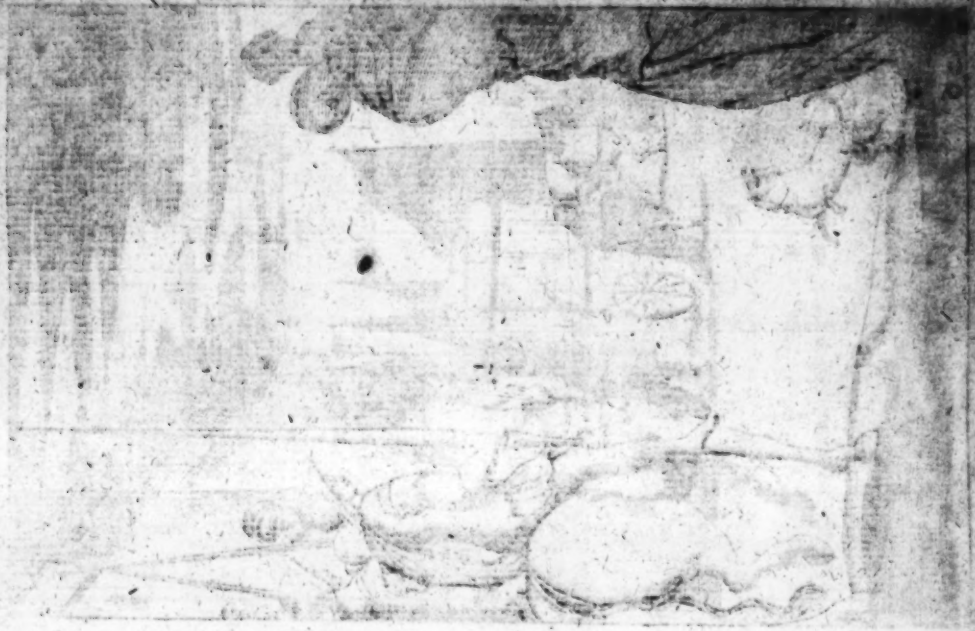
Diſtreſſ'd Parthenia! *Into what eſtate*
Hath fortune, and the direfull hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed ſoul? O thou, O thou,
That wert the preſident of all joyes, but now,
Now turn'd th'example of all miſery
For torments, worſe then death, to practiſe by!
How leſſe then nothing art thou? and how more
Then miſerable! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the Earth for happineſſe
But very now, (ah me!) now nothing leſſe:
O angry Heavens, what hath Parthenia *done,*

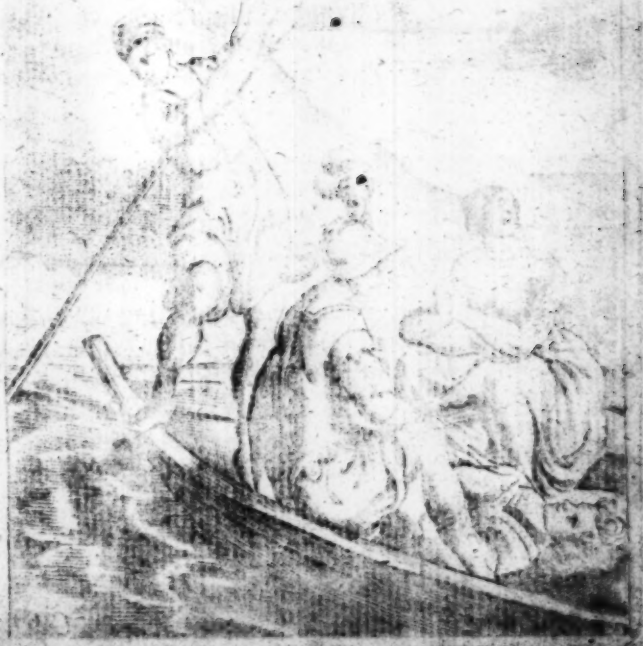
To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty? what ſhall poor Parthenia *do?*
To whom ſhall ſhe complain? alas! or who
Shall give relief? Nay, who can give reliefe
To her that [illegible] grief?
O death! Muſt we be parted then for ever:
And never meet again? what, never, never?
Or ſhall Parthenia *now be ſo unkinde,*
To leave her Argalus, *and ſtay behind?*
No, no, my deareſt Argalus, *make room*
(There's room enough in Heaven) I come, I come.
Who ever ſaw a dying coal of fire,
Lurk in warm embers (till ſome breath inſpire
A forc'd revival) how obſcure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while and dies.
So *Argalus*, to whom *Parthenia*'s breath
Giving new life, (a life in ſpight of death)
Recal'd him from his death-reſembling trance,
Who from a panting pillow did advance
His feeble head, and looking up, he made
Hard ſhift to force a language, and thus ſaid:
My dear Parthenia, *Now my glaſſe is run,*
The Taper tells me that the Play is done,
My dayes are ſumm'd, death ſeizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we muſt part:
Yet by my better hopes grim death doth bring
No grief to Argalus, *no other ſting*
But this, that I muſt leave thee, even before
My grateful actions can croſs the ſcore
Of thy dear merits.
But ſince it pleaſes him, whoſe wiſedom ſtill
Diſpoſes all things by his better will,

Depend upon his goodnesse, and rely
Vpon his pleasure not enquiring why,
And trust that on day wee shall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'r to part agen:
Mean while live happy: Let Parthenia make
No doubt, but blessed Argalus *shall partake*
In all her joyes on earth, which shall increase
His joyes in heaven, and souls eternall peace:
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithfull Argalus; *let no thought renew*
My last disgrace: Think not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, thou unfortunate:

And as he spake that vvorp, his lips did vent
A sigh, vvhose violence had vvell-nigh rent
His heart in tvvain; and vvhen a parting kisse
Had given him earnest of approaching blisse,
He snatch'd his svvord into his hand, and cry'd,
O death! Thou art a conqueror; and dy'd.
With that *Parthenia*, vvhose livelihood vvas founded
Upon his life, bovv'd dovvn her head and svvounded;
But, Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave death a longer day,
Else had *Parthenia* dy'd, since death deprived
Him of his life, in vvhose dear life she lived.
But ah! *Parthenia*'s sorrovv vvas too deep;
Too too unruly, to be lull'd a sleep
By ought but death: she startles from her svvound,
And nimbly rising from the loathed ground,
Kneels dovvn, and layes her trembling hand upon
His luke-vvarm lips, but finding his breath gone,
Grief playes the tyrant, fierce distractions drives her
She knovvs not vvhere, unbounded rage deprives her

Of





Of ſence and language, here and there ſhe goes,
Not knowing what to do, nor what ſhe does:
Sometimes, her fair miſguided hand will tear
Her beautious face, ſometimes, her beauteous hair;
As if their uſe could ſtand her in no ſtead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.
But now *Amphialus* (that all this ſpace
Stood like an Idol faſtned to his place;
Where with a world of tears he did bemone
The deed, that his unlucky hands had done)
Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not eaſe the miſery of her woful ſtate,
Spake not, but caus'd her woman that came with her
To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together

(25) With her dead *Argalus* ſhe 'mbarkt; from (whom
She would not part: No ſooner was ſhe come
To t'other ſhore, but all the funeral ſtate,
Of Military Diſcipline did wait
Upon the corps, whil'ſt troops of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well-perform'd ſolemnities:
The Marſhal Trumpet breath'd her dolefull ſound,
Whil'ſt other trail'd their Enſignes on the ground:

(26) Thus was the moſt lamented Corps convaid
Upon a Chariot lin'd, and over-laid

With Sable, to his houſe, a houſe, then night
More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:
Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
Prepar'd for vertue, and deſerv'd renown:
Where now we leave him to be full poſſeſt
Of endleſſe Peace, and everlaſting reſt.
But who ſhall comfort poor *Parthenia* now?
What Oratory can prevail? or how
Can counſell chuſe, but bluſh to undergo
So vain a taske, and be condemned too?
May reaſon move a heart, whoſe beſt relief
Conſiſts in deſp'rate yeelding to a griefe?
Or what advice can reliſh in her ears
That weeps, and takes a pleaſure in her tears?
Readers, forbear, ſorrowes that are lamented
Are but exulcerated, but augmented:
Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing,
A deſp'rate grief grows ſtronger by bewailing,
Leave her to time and fortune: let your eyes
No longer pry into her miſeries:
True mourners love to be beheld of none,
Who truely grieves, deſires to grieve alone.
But now our bloodhound *Muſe* muſt draw, and track
Amphialus, and bring the murtherer back
To a new Combate: Where, if Fortune pleaſe
To crown your Tragick Scene, and to appeaſe
The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood:
Our better reliſh ſtory (making good
Your hopefull expectations) ſhall befriend
The tears of our *Parthenia*, an end.
Soon as the ſtout *Amphialus* had out-worne
The danger of his wounds, and made returne

Into the Martiall Camp, there to maintain
His new got honor, and to entertain
Aggrieved challengers, that ſhall demand
Or ſeek for ſatisfaction from his hand;
An armed *Knight* came praunſing ore the plain,
Denouncing War, and breathing for Diſdain:
Four Dam'ſels uſhered him, in Sable Weeds;
And four came after, all on mourning Steeds:
His curious armor was ſo painted over
With lively ſhadows, that you might diſcover
The Image of a gaping Sepulchre:
About the which, were ſcattered here, and there
Some dead mens bones: His horſe was black as Jet,
His furniture was round about beſet
With branches, ſlipt from the ſad Cypreſſe tree,
His baſes (reaching far below the knee)
Embroidered over with worms: upon his ſhield,
For his Impreſſe, he had a beautious childe,
Whoſe body had two heads, whereof the t'one
Appear'd quite dead; the t'other (drawing on)
Did ſeem to gaſp for breath, and underneath,
This *Motto* was ſubſcrib'd, *From death, by death*:
Thus arm'd to point, he ſent his bold defie
T' *Amphialus*, who ſent as quick reply.

(27) Forthwith, being ſummon'd, by the Trumpets
They ſtart; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
The *Knight* had miſt his reſt, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take advantage, would not let

His

His Launce deſcend, nor (bravely paſſing by)
Encounter his befriended enemy.
Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brooke
Such unſupportable miſhap) forſooke
His white mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aſide,
(Which too too partial Fortune hath denide
A fa'r ſucceſſe) drew forth his glittering ſword:
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhorr'd
A conqueſt meerly by advantage gain'd,
Eſteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his ſword; and for a little ſpace
Their ſtrokes contended with an equal pace,
And fierceneſſe: he herein did more diſcover
A bravery then anger, whil'ſt the other
Bewray'd mere ſpleen, then either skill, or ſtrength,
To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,
With more then wonted eaſe, did batter ſo
His ill defended armor, that each blow,
Open'd a door, for death to enter in:
And now the noble Conqueror does begin
To hate ſo poor a conqueſt, and diſdain'd
To take a life, ſo eaſily obtain'd,
And mov'd with pity, (ſtepping back) he ſtaid
His unreſiſted violence, and ſaid,
Sir Knight, conteſt no more; but take the peace
Of your own paſſion: Let the combate ceaſe,
Seek not your cauſeleſſe ruine; turn your arm
(Better imploy'd) gainſt ſuch, as wiſh your harm;
Husband your life, before it be too late,
Fall not by him, that ne'r deſerv'd your hate.
To whom, the *Knight* return'd theſe words again,
Thou lyeſt, falſe Traitor, *and I here diſdain*

Both

Both words and mercy with a baſe deſie,
And to thy throat, my ſword ſhall turn the lie.
To whom *Amphialus*: *Vncivil Knight,*
Couragious in nothing, but in ſpight,
And baſe diſcourteſie, thou ſoon ſhalt know
Whether thy tongue betrayes thy heart, or no.
And as he ſpake, he gave him ſuch a wound
Upon the neck, as ſtruck him to the ground:
And, with the fall, his ſword (that now deny'd
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his ſide:
That done; he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,
To make his overlaviſh tongue repent
Of theſe baſe words, he had ſo baſely ſaid,
Or elſe, to crop him ſhorter by the head.
Who ever ſaw th'illuſtrious eye of Noon
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) ſend down
His earth rejoycing glory, and diſplay
His golden beams upon the ſons of Day:
Even ſo, the helmet being gone, a fair
And coſtly treaſure of unbraided hair
Oreſpred the ſhoulders of the vanquiſht Knight,
Whoſe now diſcover'd viſage (in deſpight
Of neighb'ring death,) did witneſſe and proclame
A ſoveraign beauty in *Parthenia*'s name,
And ſhe it was indeed, ſee how ſhe lies
Smiling on death, as if her bleſſed eyes
(Bleſt in their beſt deſires) had eſpied
His face already, for whoſe ſake ſhe died:
The *Lillies*, and the *Roſes* (that while ere
Strove in her cheeks, till they compounded there
Have broke their truce, and freſhly fall to blows,
Behold the *Lilly* hath orecome the *Roſe*:

Her

Her *Alabaſter* neck (that did out-go)
The *Doves* in whiteneſſe, *Or the new faln Snow*)
Was ſtain'd with blood, as if the red did ſeek
Protection there, being baniſht from her cheek:
So full of ſweetneſſe was her dying face,
That death had not the power to diſplace
Her native beauty; onely by tranſlation,
Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer faſhion.

(28) But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and ſhame
Of this unlucky victory, did claim
An equal intereſt) proſtrate on the Earth,
Accurs'd his ſword, his arm, his hour of birth;
Caſting his Helmet, and his Gauntlet by,
His undiſſembling tears did teſtifie
What words could not: But finding her eſtate
More apt for help, then grief (though both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often curſed hands) did proffer
Their needleſſe help, and, with his life to ſhow
What honor a devoted heart could do:
Whereto *Parthenia* (whoſe expiring breath
Gave ſpeedy ſignes of a deſired death)
Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes,
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more: Your hands have done, what I deſire,
What I expect: and if againſt your will,

The

The better; ſo I wiſh your favors ſtill,
Yet one thing more (if enemies may ſue)
I crave, which is: which is, to be unwrought
And as ſo heinous donor from your hand:
No, no, 'twas no ſuch bargain made; That he,
Whoſe hands had kill'd my Argalus, *ſhould help me:*
Your hands have done enough, I crave no more;
And for the deeds ſake, I forgive the doer.

What then remains? but that I go to reſt
With Argalus, *and to be repoſſeſt,*
Of him, with him for ever to abide,
Ere ſince whoſe death, I have ſo often died.
And there ſhe fainted (even as if the Clock
Of death, had given a warning ere it ſtruck)
But ſoon returning to her ſelf again:
Welcome ſweet death, ſaid ſhe, *whoſe minutes pain*
Shall crown this ſoul with everlaſting pleaſure;
Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leaſure:
Delay me not: O do me not that wrong,
My Argalus *will chide I ſtay ſo long:*
O now I feele the Gordian knotted bands
Of life unti'd: O heavens! into your hands
I recommend my better part, with truſt
To find you much more mercifull, then juſt,
(Yet truely juſt withal) O life! O death!
I call you to a witneſſe, that this breath
Ne'r drew a blaſt of comfort, ſince that houre
My Arg'lus *died: O thou eternall power,*
Shroud all my faults beneath the milk-white vail
Of thy dear mercy; and when this tongue ſhall fail

To ſpeake: O then.
And as he ſpake (*O then*) O then ſhe left
[illegible] ſuddainly bereft
Her ſlender twine of life, and ſo ſhe di'd.
So di'd *Parthenia*, in whoſe cloſed eyes
The world of beauty and perfection lies
Lockt up by Angels (as a thing divine)
From mortal eyes, the whilſt her vertues ſhine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leaving the world no relique, but the ſtory
Of Earths perfection; for the mouth of fame
To conſecrate to her eternall name,
Which ſhall ſurvive. (if Muſes can divine)
(Though not in theſe poor mouuments of mine)
To th'end of days, and by the looſer rimes,
Shall be deliver'd to ſucceeding times:
So long as beauty ſhall but find a friend,
Partheniaes laſting fame ſhall never end:
Till, to be truely vertuous, to be chaſt,
Be held a ſin, *Partheniaes name ſhall laſt.*
Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
This Lamp of honor, he forſook the Camp,
And, like a willing priſ'ner was confin'd
To the ſtrick limits of a troubled minde:
No Jury need b'impannell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none to atteſt the deed;
None to give ſentence, in the Judgment-Hall;
Himſelf was witneſſe, Jury, Judg, and all;
Where now we leave him, whilſt we turn our eyes
Upon *Partheniaes* woman, whoſe fierce cryes
Inforce a helpleſſe audience: *It is ſaid,*

When

When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.
One snatcht *Partheniaes* sword, resolv'd to die
Partheniaes death: Another raving by,
Strove for the weapon; through which eager strife,
They both were hindred, and each sav'd a life.
Others, whom wiser passion had taught how
To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their careless Bodies on the purple floore:
VVhere, sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore
Their tangled hair, and garments drencht in tears
And cry'd, as if *Partheniaes* blessed ears
Could hear the voyce of grief, such griefs as would
Return her from her glory, if they could:
Each heart was turn'd a VVardrobe of true passion,
VVhere griefs were clothed in a severall fashion,
Sometimes their sorrow would recal to view
Her vertue, chastnesse, sweetnesse, and renew
Their wasted passions, and oft-times they bann'd
Themselves, for obeying her unjust command.
And now by this the mournful trump of Fame
(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclame
And spread her dolefull tidings, whilst all eares
And eyes were fill'd with death, and sliding teares:
Pitty and sorrow mixt with admiration,
Became the threefold subject of all passion:
Grief went her progresse through all hearts or none,
From the poor Cottage to the Princely throne
Could one a thought, whose best advise could borrow
The smallest respite from the extreams of sorrow.
But all this while, *Basilius* Princely brest,
As it commanded, so out, griev'd the rest:
His share was treble: Hearts of Kings are deep

And close; what once they entertain, they keepe
With violence: the violence of his passion
Admits no means, as yet, no moderation:

(29) But soon as grief had done her private rights
And dues to *Honor*: *Honor* (that delights
In publick service, and can make the breath
Of sighs and sobs to triumph over death)
Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train
And Military pomp to entertain
Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread
The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
The slumbring body, to that bed of rest,
Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
Her sacred ashes, there intombed, lay
The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say
Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a year,
Visit the ruines of their sepulchre;
And in a memorial of their faithfull loves,
There built an Altar, where to milkewhite Doves
They yeerly offer two the hallowed fame
Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name.

(29)

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the blossome on a Tree
Or like the dainty flowre of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the Sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd that Jonas had,
Even such is man whose threed is spun
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The Rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth:
The Sun sets, the shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight,
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a Frost, or like a showre,
Or like the pride of Babels Tower,
Or like the hour that guides the Time,
Or like to beauty in her prime:
Even such is man, whose glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends:

Delights vanish, the morn ore-casteth,
The Frost breaks, the shower hasteth,
The Tower falls, the hour spends,
The beauty fades, and mans life ends.

Fr. Quarls.

The Authors Dream.

My sins are like the hairs upon my head,
And raise their Audit to as high a score:
In this they differ: These do daily shed;
But ah! my sins grow daily more and more.
If by my hairs thou number out my sins;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.

2.

My sins are like the sands upon the shore,
Which every ebb layes open to the eye;
In this they differ: These are cover'd
With every tide, my sins still open lye.
If thou wilt make my head a sea of tears,
O they will hide the sins of all my years.

3.

My sins are like the stars within the skies,
In view in number even as bright as they:
In this they differ: These do set and rise;
But ah! my sins do rise, but never set.
Shine Sun of glory, and my sins are gone
Like twinkling Stars, before the rising Sun.

Fr. Quarles.

FINIS.